



CHAMPIONS BY SETBACK

Athletes who overcame physical handicaps



by DAVID K. BOYNICK

TENNIS

GOLF

SWIMMING

RACING

CHAMPIONS BY SETBACK

David K. Boynick

Here are the life stories of ten men who conquered great physical handicaps to make their mark in the world of sports. There is the story of a boy whose leg was left scarred and burned by a schoolhouse fire, a boy who vowed that some day he would run faster than his friends. Glenn Cunningham did this and more. He became a national champion and a world record holder.

Charles Boswell was a triple-threat on the University of Alabama football team and a professional football player. A volunteer mission during World War II left him permanently blinded, but Boswell was to return home and take up a sport that he had never played before, golf. And he became a world champion.

These ten men seemed doomed by injury and handicaps to sit on the sidelines. And yet they became champions in football, baseball, boxing, racing, and other sports. What gave them the courage to compete in a world where perfect health seemed a prerequisite? What gave them the determination to fashion their own miracles?

Mr. Boynick gives us the answers in this dramatic series of stories. They are answers in their own words and in the words of their wives, mothers and fathers, coaches, and friends.

As we go into the home, the high school, and onto the playing field with each, and as we share the hours of discouragement and the hours of triumph, we come to believe in the motto of one who said, "proud men can do anything."



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ATHLETES
WHO OVERCAME PHYSICAL HANDICAPS

David K. Boynick

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Fourth Printing

To
Grace, Lida, and Seth

INTRODUCTION

FORMER President Herbert Hoover, who has retained a close interest in sports since he played shortstop on the Stanford University baseball team and was manager of the football team more than a half century ago, has said that "the high purpose of sportsmanship (has) become second only to religion as a moral influence in our country."

And he adds, "The depth of our sportsmanship and our feeling is demonstrated by the large area of sports carried on by the physically handicapped."

Mr. Hoover knows well of what he speaks. The literature of American sports is rich with the stories of stars whose meager sums of physical attributes would seem to have destined them to no more public notice than could be contained in a couple of lines of agate type at the bottom of the sports page. But in their hearts burned a fire that worked magical alchemy with their bodies.

Knute Rockne used to say, "A man or a team that won't be beaten, can't be beaten."

It is the custom today among many self-regarded sophisticates to respond to such words with cynicism—"strictly corn." But two widely divergent groups—sports coaches and medical scientists—have never ceased to regard them as true. Both, by different terms and origins, know the importance of the psychic component of determination to achieve and the will to win.

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Lou Little, the famous coach of football at Columbia University, puts it this way:

"Before a football game or other athletic event they publish the 'statistics'—weight, height, age and other standards of appraisal. But one vital element can never be encompassed by a tape measure or a dial. And yet it's more important than the number of years an athlete has been on this earth, the total of his inches or poundage.

"Some call this 'heart,' some 'spirit' or 'will to win,' but whatever its label, a coach develops a sensitivity to its presence and an awed respect for the near-miracles it can work on an athletic field.

"I learned long years ago that the best end isn't necessarily the 200-pounder with the steel-coil muscles and the speed of a sprinter. Not that these qualities aren't important, but often when game time comes around it's the fellow with inferior natural equipment, who has made less of an impression in practice, who throws the essential block which opens the road to a touchdown and a victory.

"This has happened so often that I learned long ago that there is nothing accidental about it. There are athletes with such a fierce will to achievement and victory that they confound the odds based exclusively on physical attributes.

"I have seen youngsters come out for freshman football with physical handicaps of such a nature that one would think their highest aspiration would be gratified by a place on the scrubs. But a year or two later they're first string, sometimes outstanding players.

"How did they do it, in competition with others with flawless bodies? The answer was spelled out daily in a pure concentrate of devotion to practice, to conditioning, to study of

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form, to perfection of technique, to overcoming of weaknesses—and all this fired by a zeal which adequately, at least, compensated for physical deficiency.”

Little adds on a note of reverence, “I have long since ceased to be surprised, but I will never stop being gratified and inspired.”

Dr. Howard A. Rusk is one of the world’s foremost authorities on the rehabilitation of the physically handicapped. He is the director of the world-famous Institute of Rehabilitation and Physical Medicine of the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center. He was the chief of the Air Force convalescent services division with the rank of brigadier-general. For his work in restoring thousands of disabled airmen to a full, happy and useful life he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. Dr. Rusk, who also is a consultant to the United Nations Secretariat, was awarded the Research Award of the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association because he was “directly responsible for the rehabilitation to an active, useful life of many thousands of servicemen who sustained catastrophic injuries . . .”

To Dr. Rusk the author put the question: What is the mechanism which enables a boy or girl who has suffered a serious physical handicap to enter into sports competition with others whose bodies are unburdened by injury and frequently to emerge as their equal or superior?

“The average person,” answered Dr. Rusk, “normally uses only 25 per cent of his physical potential. The remainder is unexploited in most of us. The incentive to develop, to utilize this, just hasn’t been awakened.

“All of us have a great need to be accepted as one of the group, to be useful, to achieve. An injury or a physical hand-

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icap frequently renders these, or seems to render these, more difficult of fulfillment. The result is that often the handicapped man or woman pours the tremendous reservoir of untapped energy into the development of his or her potential power, in order to achieve, to be equal.

"Where the motivation is present, such persons, be they athletes or persons functioning in other chosen areas of life, can achieve wonders.

"We say that a paraplegic has to 'walk on his hands.' His hands have to provide a propulsion that he can't get from his legs. As a result he develops a power and a skill in his hands that dwarf those of a person who doesn't have his urgent need.

"We have found that a blind person employed in a photographic darkroom can do on an average one-third more work than another worker with sight. He has learned how to work in the dark because darkness is the normal state of his life. He doesn't have to bother taking the temperature of his chemical bath. He couldn't read the thermometer so he develops an exquisite sensitivity in his hands to heat and cold. His hearing has become extremely acute and he has developed a fine sensitivity to sound waves in the nerves in his face. He has had to do these things.

"In sports I have frequently observed that an injured athlete takes up the event where his handicap would be most inhibitive. That is, the fellow who has hurt his legs will seek to become a runner or jumper.

"Why do they do this? Because this represents the greatest challenge. There is a little bit of the child in all of us, and the child wants to bite off the world. And the handicapped athlete frequently has such a powerful motivation that he or she actually does bite off a good chunk of it."

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Dr. Rusk says, "Let's take the case of Glenn Cunningham. He started out with a psychological and physical pack on his back. But he pursued a development with an intensity that few others can approach. And when he succeeded, he not only reached his goal of fulfillment, but acquired a beauty and strength of soul that we can only dream about."

This book is about stars with "packs on their backs," in the sports that America loves to play and applaud. It is about champions who climbed to greatness despite handicaps which seemingly had relegated them to inactivity or, at best, to mediocre performances in obscure arenas or scrubby fields.

They come from all regions of America, from various strata of society. They picked the bat, the golf club, the boxing glove or the spiked shoe as the emblem of their goal. But only in this did they differ, for each was dominated by a hunger to overcome his disability or setback; each manifested a prodigious capacity for the most tedious of training and an irreducible conviction that the man or woman who won't be beaten, can't be beaten.

Now as Dr. Rusk says, "Let's take the case of Glenn Cunningham . . ."

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THE MIRACLE MILERS

Cunningham, Bonthron, San Romani

NEARLY a thousand spectators, members of the Dartmouth student body and townsfolk of Hanover, New Hampshire, were packed into the Alumni Gymnasium when he jogged out on the springy board track with mincing steps.

The 3000 onlookers who had sat through preliminary intra-college races with rising excitement rose in a roaring ovation and Glenn Cunningham bobbed his head and grinned.

The officials pressed around him, shook his hand and offered good wishes. Then Cunningham left them and began his characteristic warmup drill. He began by jogging, lap after lap, on the board saucer. Then he began to stride, circling, circling. Next came sprints, odd flat-footed sprints, for he was unable to come up on his toes. The running over, he pulled his knees against his chest, shook his spread fingers, violently rocked his head to loosen the neck muscles.

The crowd watched eagerly and understood. Once when he came east from the Kansas University campus for his first campaign on the boards the more cynical were prompted to

jeer at this as a form of exhibitionism. But by this night of March 3, 1938, anyone who read a sports page knew well that instead it typified a perfectionist, an athlete self-taught in adversity to use every shred of potential.

Underneath his red sweatsuit, cut tight because his inadequately protected leg muscles were very vulnerable to cold, Cunningham felt the warm sweat bathe his body but still he continued his warming up practice. The crowd sweated, too, and not entirely from excitement. The Gymnasium boilers were fired high against the cold New Hampshire night to give every possible aid to the effort of the King of the Mile.

This was to be Glenn Cunningham's attempt to run the mile faster than any human being ever had before.

He tried a last sprint to test the incline of the track and then crouched at the starting line. Six Dartmouth runners, allotted handicaps ranging up to 600 yards to draw every bit of speed from Cunningham's legs, pulled off their green sweatsuits and took up their positions.

The crowd hushed as the starter barked his sequence of instructions to Cunningham and the other runners. Then it emitted a nervous laugh. The starter's stubby gun had missed fire and Cunningham had begun running with the click. On the second attempt the gun went off and Cunningham shot away in the start of the paced mile which had drawn the attention of sports lovers the world over. Immediately a telegraph key started its staccato chatter as a newsman began to file a running story.

A moan of delight came from the crowd as Cunningham streaked past the quarter-mile post and the announcer blared the time—58.5 seconds. Before the test began Cunningham had said he planned to run the first 440 yards in 60 seconds.

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Dartmouth's best middle distance runner, who had started with a lead of five yards, succumbed to the blistering pace and wobbled from the track on unsteady legs. Cunningham drove in pursuit of four other pace setters with a 260-yard lead.

The announcer punctuated each quarter—2:02.5 for the half-mile, 3:04.2 for the three-quarters. Right on record-breaking schedule.

Five of the pace setters, their lungs afire, now were gasping for breath in the circle rimmed by the track and the last human rabbit, aided by a handicap of 600 yards, dug his needle spikes into the boards in a sacrificial effort to extend Cunningham to an all-out finish.

With every stride Cunningham drew closer. To the on-lookers it seemed as if he were pulling the runner back to him by invisible cords. Halfway through the next to last lap the stop watch which Cunningham's admirers maintained he carried in his head told him it was time to shift into his finishing sprint and he poured out his total reserve in a last burst. It carried him abreast of the Dartmouth man and as the gun barked for the start of the final lap he surged forward.

Head down, knees bounding high, he drove ahead. No one was sitting in the gym and the din from the crowd shivered the walls. But Cunningham did not hear—all he saw was the thin strand of white yarn at the finish line coming closer and closer.

His barrel chest hit it and the test was over.

Cunningham slowed gradually in another turn around the track while the timers compared watches. The eyes of the crowd turned to them, seeking in a chance gesture or facial expression a clue to the outcome.

For the last time the announcer picked up his microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen—" He paused, continued. "The time is . . . four minutes . . . four and four tenths seconds. . . . A new world . . ." No one heard the rest of his announcement. It was drowned in an outpouring of applause which Cunningham acknowledged with a happy smile.

Within minutes the bells calling attention to bulletin matter in automatic printers were shrilling in thousands of newspaper city rooms and radio stations. Shortly millions were hearing from radio news reporters and commentators that America's master miler had brought man within little more than four seconds of the fabulous four-minute mile.

The morning newspapers of the next day emblazoned the story on their sports pages, some on page one, with accompanying pictures. Headline writers hit on the phrase "The Miracle Mile" and track and field followers took it up.

The phrase was apt. It was truly a miracle mile, but the miracle was of a much deeper import than could be measured by the few heartbeats of time by which Cunningham had reduced the world record.

It was twenty years before.

Glenn hugged the heavy comforter to his body and savored the bed's warmth and snugness. The frosty feeling of his exposed nose gave a foretaste of the cold shock that would follow when he put his bare feet on the floor.

But Floyd, grinning unsympathetically, was yanking at the cover and taunting, "Get up, lazy. Get up. Time's passin' and we have work to do."

The eight-year-old boy glanced dolefully at the frost-etched window illuminated by the bleak early morning sun and pleaded, "Just a few more minutes, Floyd. Just a few—" The

words ended in a gasp as his thirteen-year-old brother pulled the comforter off with a sudden tug.

His teeth chattering, Glenn leaped to the floor and began to pull on his long stockings, shoes and trousers in a frantic effort to speed his escape from the cold bedroom to the large kitchen of the farmhouse where a fat black stove cast a delicious warmth.

The brothers clattered down the steps to the kitchen where Mrs. Cunningham was preparing an ample breakfast, and she said cheerily without looking up from the stove, "Mornin', boys. Hurry up and wash."

Glenn and Floyd took turns working the pump handle and while they were washing with the icy water their father, Clint Cunningham, came into the kitchen from outdoors. He had been working about the farm for an hour and after breakfast the boys would join him in additional work.

Clint Cunningham could not afford hired help on his small farm near Elkhart, Kansas, in the Cimarron Valley. The two boys and Mrs. Cunningham had to pitch in and work hard. Every penny had to be conserved. Thus, in order to lessen the costs of their schooling and books the boys had obtained the job of heating the little rural schoolhouse which they attended two miles from the farm.

At eight o'clock they kissed Mrs. Cunningham good-by and started out at a brisk trot over the hard frozen road to the school. They had to get a good fire going before the other students arrived.

Usually the schoolteacher arrived at the same time as the boys, but on this day she was late. Breathing heavily from their run, Floyd and Glenn unlocked the door and entered the small weather-beaten building.

They removed the accumulation of ashes from yesterday's fire in the pot-bellied stove and brought in armloads of wood from a bin at the side of the schoolhouse. The older boy then picked up the kerosene can, unscrewed the top and splashed the liquid generously over the firewood in the stove. From the teacher's desk he removed a large box of wooden matches, scratched one and applied the flame to the wood.

A blast of flame and noise shook the building.

By error the delivery man had filled the can with five gallons of gasoline instead of kerosene—and gasoline explodes.

The force of the blast stunned Glenn, threw him back toward the door. He recovered from the daze and felt an agony of pain and terror. The room was ablaze as the flames consumed the dried floor boards and the old desks. Flames licked at his body.

He tottered blindly to the door in an impulse to escape. But once outside he thought of Floyd. The older boy had been close to the stove at the time of the explosion and he was still inside the building.

Glenn shouted for his brother and from inside the building he heard amid the crackling of flames the half-stifled cries of Floyd. Glenn was only eight and never before had he known such terror, but he ducked his head and plunged back into the school.

He pushed blindly against the furnace heat and the smoky darkness. The fire shriveled Glenn's cotton stockings, and then his trousers and jacket began to burn.

He raised his head to look for Floyd, but he couldn't see through the flame and smoke. Choking and coughing, he groped further into the room, rasping, "Floyd. Floyd." Then he fainted, fell to the smoldering floor.

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Help came quickly and he was carried from the burning building. Years later he said, "I don't know much about what happened after I fainted. I awoke in my own bed. My legs were swathed in oil-soaked bandages.

"Then I thought of Floyd and I tried to move, to look for him. The pain was excruciating and I cried out. Later they told me that my brother was dead."

The country doctor who attended the boy shook his head gloomily at the damage to Glenn's legs and suggested amputation as the safest procedure. The Cunninghams vigorously vetoed this. However impaired, whatever the risk, their boy would retain his legs.

At best, the doctor said, Glenn would never walk again without artificial aid and certainly he would never be able to run.

Glenn lay helpless for weeks as the green of spring gradually conquered the snow and ice on the Kansas farm and then the doctor cut away the darkened greasy bandages.

Glenn's legs had been seared to the bone. The right leg was crooked, pulled up at the knee by the contracted tissue. He had no toes left on his left foot and the transverse arch on that foot had been almost destroyed.

On his next visit the doctor brought a pair of crutches and Mrs. Cunningham wept as she looked at them. But she composed her features and washed away the evidence of crying before she went with the doctor into the bedroom.

The doctor showed Glenn how the crutches were to be used and helped him out of bed. Glenn lowered his right leg to the floor. The puckered scar tissue had made an ugly useless crook out of the limb. Worse, it was two and a half inches shorter than the left. Gingerly he tried his left leg with its half

a normal foot. It buckled and only the crutches saved him from falling.

With the doctor and Mrs. Cunningham looking on, he hobbled about the room for five minutes and, puffing from weakness, he then was helped back into the bed. But every day he used the crutches longer and strength came slowly back to his body.

One day he limped outdoors for the first time since the fire and several of his friends, informed of this in advance, were awaiting him. They had been running about in a game of tag but as soon as they saw him they came to an abashed stop, wanting to avoid the hurt they believed Glenn would feel at the sight of their own unhampered physical freedom.

They strained their eyes to avoid staring at the crutches, and asked with an excess of cheer, "How you feelin', Glenn? How you feelin'?"

But Glenn sensed the motive of his friends in halting their play and he rejected the implied pity. He jeered, "Why'd you fellers stop runnin'? You need the practice. I'll be beating you all pretty soon so you better practice all you can."

Everyone in the town of Elkhart knew of the doctor's gloomy prognosis and the boys hastened to agree with a heartiness which cloaked their scepticism. "You sure will, Glenn. You sure will."

But Glenn fiercely believed his words. He did not know of the country doctor's pessimism and it wouldn't have mattered if he did. He was determined that one day he would walk and run like other boys. It was a long time, however, before he was able to live up to his brave boast. Ahead stretched a seemingly endless road studded with heart-breaking barriers. There was

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much pain in store for him, physical pain from his injuries and psychic pain from the enforced exclusion from play and sports.

Massage, the doctor said, would strengthen and make flexible the muscles of Glenn's seared legs, and month after month Clint Cunningham's farm-roughened hands rubbed away at the reddening skin.

"It hurt like mad," Glenn said, "especially when my father stretched my legs, which the doctor had prescribed doing. But I couldn't get enough. I wanted to walk without help, to run, and I'd have endured anything that would make this possible.

"When my father would get tired I'd ask my mother to do the massaging and stretching and when she couldn't do any more I'd start doing it myself."

For nearly four years he was unable to put the crutches away permanently. But before this took place he added his own physiotherapy to the doctor's prescribed massaging and stretching. He began to run, "in a sort of hippity-hop fashion," he says.

At first it was hard to run, and often he fell; but the joy of it made light of his pain.

He went nowhere about the farm unless it was at a run. Glenn recalled that "I didn't move ten feet without breaking into a run. I ran and ran and ran."

Passersby, visitors and friends of the Cunninghams shook their heads in admiration at the sight of the boy running about the farm with his awkward hobbled gait as he carried out his chores.

Thus, without intent, he was laying the foundation of

strength and endurance—the courage he already had—which later were to aid him in climbing to the pinnacle of the track world.

He hungered for achievement and was aided in his attitude by parents who rejected “pampering” and set the highest of standards. Glenn said, “My parents instilled in me an intense competitive spirit at home and elsewhere. No matter what it was, I was supposed to do it quickly, efficiently—as well if not better than anyone else could do it.”

As Glenn grew bigger and stronger he took over many of the heavier farm tasks. Stripped to the waist during the warm months, he worked in the fields alongside Clint Cunningham in planting and harvesting. He split and stacked wood, herded and watered the cattle, repaired the fences.

At thirteen Glenn was smallish for his age, but sturdy and well-muscled from running and farmwork. He still limped slightly but, as he said later, “I could run all day.” It was literally true that he did run almost all day.

Now he played baseball and football but running, the activity in which the legs played the most prominent role, had a huge meaning for him. It was inevitable that he turn to running in competition, as a sport.

At first it was only play racing against his friends. “I bet I can beat you down to the oak tree.” Then he entered the races for boys at the fairs, at Independence Day celebrations. In the organized races he entered the longer runs and now he began to redeem the boast made five years before that he would beat his school chums.

The half-mile run seemed endless to the others but to Glenn, accustomed to running miles daily, it was a mere jaunt. Soon a silver cup and several medals were given a place

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of prominence in the parlor of the Cunningham farm home.

At fourteen he was adjudged old enough to get a paying job during his summer vacation and he went to work loading wheat at a granary. It was man's work and he got man's pay—six dollars a day. Sometimes the prairie sun forced the temperature up above 110 degrees but the bronzed boy with the barrel chest never wilted, never complained.

He entered Elkhart High School and in the spring tried out for the track team. Coach Roy Varney induced him to try the sprints. Varney, seeing the boy's amazing endurance, recognized that Glenn's greatest potential lay in the half mile and the mile but he preferred that Glenn limit his running to the shorter events for a year or two.

Varney did not believe that a boy of fifteen should be subjected to the strain of the middle distance events. Also he thought that Glenn would benefit by concentrating on speed work.

For two years as a sprinter Glenn was just another member of the high school track team but in his junior year he shifted to the middle distance runs with Varney's approval.

Now the nature of the workouts changed. Instead of practicing starts, short dashes and sprints of up to 220 yards, he ran cross-country two and three miles a day.

Cross-country running is the foundation work for a middle distance runner and few take to it with pleasure. It is grueling and tedious and, as the runners string out, usually carried out in solitude. Many track experts believe that the United States usually lags behind the European countries in the distance running events because most American boys are reluctant to pay the price year after year of this basic preparatory work.

Glenn was one of the few exceptions. He loved it. Striding across the fields, he gloried in the power of his legs and the victory over the mass of livid scars. Often when it rained hard he would be the only member of the team to turn out for practice.

The first time Glenn ran the mile in high school competition he finished third and was timed in five minutes and five seconds. In every succeeding meet he cut his time substantially, and by the late spring of 1929 he was winning regularly and breaking 4:40.

Climaxing the season for the Elkhart team was the Kansas University Relay Carnival, and Varney entered his promising junior in the mile run.

Glenn beat the state's best high school milers, his time a dazzling 4:30, and when he returned home all Elkhart cheered the boy with the scarred legs.

Again he spent the summer in the granary, and each night after supper he put on his track suit with the big "E" on the shirt and ran cross-country. His fellow workers, learning of this, joshed him good-naturedly, "How come you're able to run every night, Glenn, when the rest of us can't hardly walk? Maybe it's because you're goldbricking on the job." Actually they and the rest of the townsfolk greatly admired "that Cunningham boy who was burned so bad in the school fire."

Varney expected further improvement from Glenn in his senior year but the extent of that improvement amazed him.

Glenn won the mile in every dual meet. Seemingly he could win by any margin he desired, so great was his superiority over the milers of the other high schools. Once more Varney entered him in the Kansas Relays and again Glenn won.

In his coach's opinion, there wasn't a high school miler in

the country who could beat Glenn Cunningham. It was regrettable, Varney thought, that Glenn wouldn't have a chance to prove that he was the best. Or would he? Would he? Varney had a plan.

The next time Varney met one of Elkhart's merchants he said, "You know, that Cunningham boy is the best high school miler I ever saw. I think he could even win in the national high school championships in Chicago . . . too bad we don't have the money to send him there."

The merchant clucked sympathetically, "Yeah, it is too bad. And that kid deserves a world of credit." Then, "Say! Why don't we all kick in a few dollars apiece to a fund and pay for his trip."

That's how Glenn Cunningham got to Stagg Field at the University of Chicago.

He started against 36 of the best schoolboy milers in the land. He won. His time was 4:27.7 and it broke the world interscholastic record.

Graduation and a decision to make: work or college. Nightly Glenn and his parents discussed his future. He had been doing man's work each summer, earning a man's wages.

It would be helpful to the family if he continued to work. His wages would buy additional cattle, make possible the planting of additional acreage and the purchase of much needed machinery. But Clint Cunningham voted in favor of college. Mrs. Cunningham, too, wanted Glenn to go to college although it meant that her arduous farm work would not be lightened for four more years.

Glenn was elated at the prospect of going to college. He had already decided what he wanted to major in—physical

education. It was decided that in the fall he would enroll at Kansas University.

Glenn was the best middle distance runner at the University in Lawrence, but he did little running his freshman year.

Varney had written to the Kansas coach, Brutus Hamilton, describing the burns Glenn had suffered and telling of his achievements. Much of the latter Hamilton was already familiar with.

When Cunningham turned out, with some sixty others, for the freshman team Hamilton looked him over carefully. He noted the powerful chest, arms and shoulders. Although Glenn weighed about 160 pounds, Hamilton was convinced he had the strength of a 200-pounder.

But in spite of Varney's letter, the Kansas coach was shocked when he saw the scarred legs and their thin tissue of new skin.

Glenn, he decided, would be permitted to race only infrequently during his freshman year. In the main he would undergo special exercises for his legs under the direction of a skilled trainer.

He guided Glenn carefully, taught him track strategy and applied finesse to the fundamentally good form which Varney had originated. Occasionally he put Glenn through a time trial and on these occasions he had to restrain the impulse to rub his hands in glee.

Cunningham made his intercollegiate debut as a sophomore in the 1931-1932 season and soon reports began trickling into the eastern and far western track centers about a promising young miler running under the University of Kansas blue and scarlet.

Hamilton merely smiled to himself. He was pointing Glenn for the Big Six College Championship, then the National In-

tercollegiates and—in climax—the Olympic Games. The coach set this schedule and Glenn, running like a flawless machine, lived up to it.

In the spring he won the Big Six Conference mile in a brilliant 4:13.3, the fastest time he had ever recorded. Fifty minutes later he returned to the cinder track for the half mile and won that also.

Two weeks later he went to California for the National Intercollegiates and won the mile again.

This was the boy of whom a doctor once said that he would probably limp through life, if he walked at all. The legs which, had the Cunninghams been less courageous, would have come under the surgeon's knife as beyond saving, had carried Glenn through the fastest mile ever run by an American. For his time in the National Intercollegiates was 4:11.1, a new American record.

Hamilton believed that Cunningham was ready for an even faster mile, or its Olympic Games equivalent of 1500 meters, and he planned to put the last fine edge on his form in the three weeks preceding the international competition at Los Angeles.

But the coach's plans went awry. A few days after his record performance Glenn became ill with tonsillitis and was confined to bed for a week. When he returned to training he was unable to regain his previous form, although he did qualify for the American Olympic team.

On hand for the Games at Los Angeles, he suffered another setback. A sudden cold snap tightened up his inadequately covered leg muscles.

Yet he reached the final of the 1500 meters and placed fourth, the first American to cross the finish line. Luigi Bec-

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cali of Italy was the winner in 3:51.2, a time which Cunningham had several times bettered previously. Glenn also made several tactical errors and lost precious yards when he was jostled.

The next year Cunningham climbed to the plateau of his greatness. In response to pleas of the promoters of the big winter indoor meets he went to New York and Boston for the first time. He entered four mile events on the boards against Gene Venzke, the king of the indoor milers from the University of Pennsylvania. Glenn won three of these races and Venzke one.

That defeat was his only one in the mile or 1500 meters in all of 1933 in a campaign which extended into a summer tour of several European countries. In all he won thirty-seven races.

Before going abroad he again won the National Intercollegiate mile and broke his own American record with a time of 4:09.8, a shade slower than the world record. That summer he won the National A.A.U. championship and broke the American record for 1500 meters.

At the end of the year Glenn Cunningham was voted the James E. Sullivan medal as America's greatest amateur athlete. The awards committee in announcing Cunningham as the winner said:

"Upon the conclusion of his European tour he brought to a close what undoubtedly was the most strenuous and successful middle distance running season ever accomplished by an American.

"His racing season started in the first week in February and from then until August hardly a week passed without a hard

race, and the result was invariably a victory for him in time closely approaching a world record."

On Glenn's return to Elkhart at the end of the summer he was greeted by a brass band and an outpouring of his friends and neighbors welcoming the town's most famous son.

One thing marred the perfection of the year 1933 for Glenn. While he was abroad, Jack Lovelock, a New Zealand medical student, broke the world record for the mile in the Princeton Invitation meet. Pushing him in second place was Bill Bonthron of Princeton who lowered Cunningham's American record to 4:08.7.

Over the next two years Cunningham and Bonthron engaged in what many experts regard as the most fiercely fought mile duels in American track history. No other miler in competition in the United States—not even Venzke—seriously threatened their joint peerage. These two, of all the thousands upon thousands of American boys running in spiked shoes, were the best. Yet both, Bonthron as well as Cunningham, had been severely injured in childhood.

The horror of fire was receding from Cunningham's dreams after two and a half years when anguish laid hands on slender, black-haired William Bonthron in Detroit.

It was summer and Bill and his pals were returning to their homes from a playground baseball game. Sweaty, excited, they walked slowly, pausing to debate the wisdom of various plays and the fault for misplays in which they had taken part. By ill chance one such halt in their walking took place before a large yard shaded with apple trees heavy with fruit.

One of the boys called attention to the apples, "Boy! Look

at those apples!" Another shouted, "Let's get some," and a dash started for the trees.

Bill was among the leaders. He picked out his tree and, followed by two of his pals, scrambled up the trunk and into the branches where he began to shake the apples down to those below.

Unnoticed in the activity and laughter were the black storm clouds above. A deafening thunder clap set off a heavy down-pour and the boys began a rapid, reckless descent.

The two other boys with Bill made it quickly and safely to the ground. But his descent was more difficult; he had climbed out on a slender branch which swayed dangerously as he moved. Now, becoming rapidly drenched, he abandoned the slow care with which he had climbed up and out, lost his hold and fell. He landed on an electric wire of powerful voltage half concealed in the leaves above the trunk.

He screamed as the fiery power burned into the flesh of his left leg in a shower of sparks. Then he fainted.

He awoke in the hospital, moaning from the pain and shock, to find his left leg wrapped in bandages.

For weeks the eleven-year-old boy lay there as doctors grafted skin from his thigh to replace the burned tissue on the lower leg.

Finally he was discharged and limped from the hospital. Unlike Cunningham's case, there was no serious fear that he would be permanently crippled. But no doctor would have bet ten cents on the possibility that the youngster who was discharged from the hospital facing additional months of treatment would become a world record holder as a runner.

By the time he entered Northern Detroit High School only the puckered scars remained as obvious evidence of the sum-

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mertime accident, but he still favored the left leg slightly.

Like Cunningham, Bonthron brought to sports a blazing competitive drive. But in high school and later at Exeter Academy there was as yet no hint of the vast potential hidden in his rangy body.

He entered Princeton as a freshman in 1929, undergoing the mild frosh hazing at the time that Cunningham was being subjected to similar experiences on the Kansas campus.

Bonnie went out for freshman football, but at 155 pounds he was too light to make the team. He turned to cross-country running, which is considered—with eight-oar crew racing—by many experts to be the most grueling of all sports. But it was an essential buildup for any running event above the half mile.

In the indoor and outdoor track seasons of 1929-1930 Bonthron was "only fair" in the half and mile in competition for the Princeton freshmen but no one trained harder than he to acquire strength and speed, to polish his form and eliminate flaws.

The next year he came into his own, slicing thick wedges off his best time in each successive competition.

Matty Geis, veteran track coach at Princeton, said of Bonthron, "He used to run his heart out. He could never get enough training. I've never seen a runner work at the dull, tough training tasks with as much eagerness as this boy."

Geis recalled how Bonthron used to work in the gym during the time he was not training directly for cross-country or track events, to strengthen his body. "He developed muscles like a horse," Geis said. "He worked more with the medicine ball than any fellow I ever knew. He'd make anyone holler 'enough.'"

CHAMPIONS BY SETBACK

In Geis' opinion, given nearly a decade after Bonthron was graduated, Bonnie was Princeton's greatest runner in a long history of outstanding stars.

Bonthron and Cunningham didn't meet until both were seniors. Then the Tiger captain and the Jayhawk captain came together at the feature mile of the New York A.C. in Madison Square Garden. Bonthron drew first blood. The Tiger outsprinted Cunningham to win by a foot.

Two weeks later they clashed on the same New York track in the National A.A.U. championships and this time Cunningham won. Again the distance which separated them was a foot.

They did not meet again during that winter of 1934 but Cunningham, running in the Knights of Columbus mile at "The Garden," broke the world indoor record with a clocking of 4:08.4. The old record had been held by Venzke.

In the spring Cunningham sped to four championships in western and far western competition while Bonthron was running on eastern cinders. They collided again at Princeton on a mild June day ideal for good track performance. The twenty thousand who came to see the invitation games were prepared for anything in the resumption of the Cunningham-Bonthron rivalry, the rivalry of the two "miracle milers," but not quite for what happened.

Cunningham beat Bonthron by 40 yards. Moreover, he ran the fastest mile of his career, 4:06.7. It broke the world outdoor record set the year before by Lovelock in the same meet and it brought the record back to the United States for the first time since Finland's balding marvel, Paavo Nurmi, took it out of the country in 1923.

Records were cheap when these two giants met. They raced

twice more that year and each time a record went into the discard.

Bonthron was the winner in the National Intercollegiates in Los Angeles and his time of 4:08.9 broke Cunningham's record for the mile in that meet.

The scene next shifted to Milwaukee and the National A.A.U. outdoor championships at Marquette University. Bonthron won the 1500 meters in a blistering race. He had to break the world's record to win, for Glenn, finishing second, was under the mark of 3:49.2 set in 1930 by Jules Ladoumeque of France. Bonthron's time was 3:48.8.

At the close of 1934 Bonthron was selected as the winner of the Sullivan medal.

The next year he and Cunningham raced four times, with Glenn the winner on three occasions. Then Bonthron withdrew from competition until 1936 when, poorly trained, he made an unsuccessful effort to win a place on the American Olympic team.

Cunningham now was the acknowledged king of the mile, the holder of the world record and twenty-six national, regional, and collegiate records. But he was not complacent—nor could he afford to be.

A bustling, confident miler was sweeping out of his native Kansas to take from Bonthron's hand the gauntlet of challenge. This was Archie San Romani.

There were marked similarities between the king of the mile and the curly-haired runner who came to be known as the crown prince.

His ninth year brought tragedy and suffering to Cunningham. It was likewise a hard year for Archie San Romani. And

like Cunningham, an accident involving his legs motivated San Romani to take up foot racing, a sport in which, by the very nature of his injury, he was handicapped most heavily.

San Romani's parents were poor, much poorer in fact than the Cunninghams. Archie's father, Egideo San Romani, who had come to the United States from Italy at the age of three, worked in a strip coal mine in Frontenac, Kansas. Archie's mother, Clotilda, was born in the Oklahoma Territory. She was of French-Italian descent.

"Life was hard when I was a boy," said Archie. "My father and all the other men I knew worried constantly about getting enough work in the mines to feed their families. We knew what it was to pull in our belts when times were bad."

The oldest of three children, Archie helped his mother in the household chores. He ran errands, chopped wood, and gathered loose coal for burning in the kitchen stove.

One blustery day in March of 1921 Mrs. San Romani sent him to the grocery store. His purchases made, he started home, shivering from the cutting wind. Because he was so cold he did something he normally wouldn't have risked. He jumped a ride on a horse-drawn wagon.

He rode about two hundred yards and when the driver began pulling up his horse Archie jumped from the tailboard and started a dash to the sidewalk. He never reached it.

A truck which had been overtaking the wagon and moving into position to pass it crashed into the boy. It knocked him down and two wheels, front and rear, rolled over his right leg, crushing it against the pavement.

The truck driver brought his vehicle to a stop with a screech of brakes and skidding tires and ran back to the boy. A crowd was already gathering around him.

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Archie lay unconscious on the icy road, his face and head cut and bruised. He was much more seriously injured, but because he was wearing an overcoat no one immediately noticed the dangerous bleeding from his leg.

Within seconds a policeman arrived and took charge. He moved the coat, saw the spreading pool of blood and pulled off Archie's trousers to investigate. Blood was pumping in spurts from a point near the thigh. The policeman tore off his uniform tie and applied a tourniquet, grunting as he twisted it deep into the flesh.

An ambulance sped Archie to the hospital where a doctor made a hasty examination and then proceeded to work energetically over the crushed right leg.

The truck, in crushing the leg, had broken bones. The most serious break had occurred near the hip joint and a jagged edge of bone had severed the main artery and pierced the skin.

Had not the policeman quickly observed the evidence of a severed artery—and acted—Archie could easily have bled to death in the street.

He was given a blood transfusion and a half hour later his parents arrived at the hospital, his father's face and hands still blackened with coal dust.

The shocked couple were permitted a brief glimpse at their still-unconscious boy, and then a doctor explained the nature of his injuries and said gently, "We want to prepare you. We may not be able to save his leg—"

Mrs. San Romani burst into tears and covered her face with her hands. "No. No," she moaned. "Please try your best. Please."

The doctor said, "We may not have any choice, Mrs. San Romani. But we'll know better tomorrow."

The next day he told the tense and anxious couple, "I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but we've decided that amputation is definitely indicated. You see, there is great danger of gangrene and this would seriously threaten your boy's life. Three doctors have examined him and all three reached the same conclusion. We don't feel there is any other way."

The San Romanis nodded numbly and left to visit Archie in his hospital room, to inform him of the medical judgment. Walking through the gray-painted corridor Mrs. San Romani suddenly stopped and squeezed her husband's hand. "No, Egideo," she said. "I'm against it. There must be another way."

Her husband said, "I'm against it too, Clotilda. But you heard what the doctor said. If they don't cut off—if they don't amputate his leg Archie may die."

The parents continued, tortured by the fearful consequences no matter what decision they might make.

Archie received them with a wan smile. His parents forced a cheerfulness into their voices and talked of the improvement in his appearance. They fed him tidbits of information about his friends, inquired about the hospital food and strained to make small talk.

Egideo San Romani looked at his heavy silver watch and gave his wife a significant look. The doctor had cautioned against an overlong visit. Now they had to tell their son that the accident was to cost him a limb.

Mrs. San Romani began talking, desperately striving to find words to prepare Archie for the doctors' recommendation, somehow to lighten its crushing import. She stumbled, repeated herself, fought back the tears.

For a while Archie listened puzzledly, seeking a meaning

in the flow of words. And then as he understood he cried out in horror. "No! They're not going to take off my leg. Nobody's going to cut off my leg. I'd rather die. Promise me you won't let them." He had seized his mother's hands and was clutching them desperately. "Promise me. You've got to promise me."

He was only a child and this was the most terrible thing that had befallen him in his brief life. His eyes beseeched protection from his parents and their love betrayed them. Dumbly, the tears streaming from their eyes, they nodded and the father said, "We promise, Archie."

Their two younger children in bed, the San Romanis sat in bleak silence over their untasted supper that night seeking in their thoughts a way out of the unhappy dilemma.

Once San Romani said, "Let's try another doctor—see what he says." But he said it without hope and Mrs. San Romani's answer could have been his own. "What good will it do? Three doctors already said his leg should come off."

Later in the evening he returned to his suggestion. "There's a new doctor in town, a young fellow," he said. "People say he's good. His name is Dr. Conley and he was a Navy doctor until a short time ago.

"Shall we ask him to look at the boy, Clotilda?"

There was only one reply that Mrs. San Romani could make. In the morning the couple visited Dr. Conley, and then he left for the hospital to examine Archie.

When next they visited Dr. Conley, that afternoon, the sun began shining for them for the first time in forty-eight hours. Dr. Conley believed that Archie's leg could be saved. He felt the effort would be risky but he strongly advised treatment—

not amputation. The San Romanis gave eager approval and Dr. Conley went to work under the worshipping eyes of young Archie.

In manhood Archie San Romani blesses the young doctor "every day of my life." He says, "He saved my leg. Nothing can repay him for what he did."

Archie recalled that for a week he was given sedatives to dull the pain while Dr. Conley worked on his leg—"but it still hurt like blazes." The doctor set the broken bones and packed the leg in ice.

A week later the doctor issued his first optimistic report. The danger of gangrene was over. But a few days later he discovered that the bone involved in the fracture near the thigh was knitting crookedly. He separated the two sections and then re-set them. Now Archie's leg was placed in a cast and suspended from a pulley, drawn floorward by a weight.

"This was done," Archie noted grimly, "without any an-aesthetic."

He lay thus on his back for seven weeks, and for three months after returning home he wore the cast on his right leg. The wonderful day finally came when the cast was removed, and then Archie discovered that although the price he had to pay for his accident had been reduced—he retained his leg—there was a price nonetheless. His right leg was an inch and a half shorter than his left.

"I could not stand without support," he said. "I was very weak. Also my thigh muscles had become somewhat atrophied. But the doctor taught me several exercises and after some weeks of these I got so that I could get about without help."

Archie continued, "Before he finally discharged me as a

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patient the doctor advised one thing above all others to strengthen my leg: run. He urged me to run to every place I had to go, run on every errand.

"This was medicine I loved to take. To my friends their legs were just two parts of their bodies. They didn't have any more special feeling for their legs than for their noses, their hands, their necks or their chins. But to me my legs were something wonderful. You have to come close to losing one, as I did, to feel that way. And when I ran, every stride emphasized to me that I had two legs."

The farming community of Elkhart had grown accustomed to seeing a badly hurt boy running and running to overcome his injury. Now the mining town of Frontenac became used to the same scene.

And just as Glenn Cunningham's running for therapy and pleasure progressed to running to win so did the transition take place with Archie San Romani.

First he was an eager participant in the play races with his friends and then he began to compete in the races for boys in Crawford County. Despite his limping stride he usually won—especially in the longer races where his powers of wind and endurance, remarkably developed in one so young, counted heavily.

Then came high school and Archie was a candidate for the track team—in the mile. As a sophomore he won every race in dual meet competition in the Mineral Belt League. Once his coach timed him in 4:48, excellent for a young boy.

The next year Frontenac High School had a team but no coach. San Romani knew that track is a complex business, that against good competition it wasn't enough to train twice as hard as the next fellow. Coaching was essential.

He found a way to supply the need—by the printed word. He inquired, learned of a good book of running instructions written by a leading college coach and purchased it with three dollars in pennies laboriously accumulated. He read the book constantly while other boys his age were reading of conquest, science, and discovery. He studied the diagrams and pictures illustrating proper knee action, use of the arms and other essentials of running. Evenings he experimented before a mirror at home. Thus he coached himself in his junior and senior high school years.

Although running was his greatest love, Archie was interested in music also. He played the cornet and was a member of the school band. In the fall he played football but he quit the sport after two seasons when he injured his left knee. Thereafter it would sometimes pop out of place while he was running.

In track he won every race in county competition in his junior year, reducing his best time by more than eight seconds. He was likewise undefeated in 1932, his last year in high school. He finished the season by duplicating Glenn Cunningham's success of two years before, winning the inter-scholastic mile in the Kansas Relays. His time was 4:36.3.

During the summer of 1932 he worked by his father's side in a strip mine and then enrolled in the School of Music of Bethany College at Lindsborg, Kansas.

His parents were unable to contribute toward the cost of his education; and Archie had to earn his way by waiting on table, stoking furnaces and doing other odd jobs. But he still found time to play in the college band and, of course, to run.

Bethany had a track team of sorts, but no coach. Neverthe-

less Archie progressed. He learned now to pick up crumbs of instruction from coaches he met during track meets, he studied the form of other runners and he read the coaching books.

Most of all he trained, trained like two men, and in the spring he won the college conference championship with a 4:29.9 mile.

The next year Archie transferred to Emporia State Teachers College. He did not compete in 1934 for Emporia because the intercollegiate rules make a transfer student ineligible for competition for a year. But this did not lead Archie to lay off running. He spent the year training, studying technique, devouring the instructions of Coach Fran Welch, his first flesh and blood coach save for the part-time mentor in his sophomore year in high school.

Before Welch met San Romani the boy became to him an object of mild annoyance. In the spring of 1933, when he was planning to transfer from Bethany to Emporia, San Romani wrote Welch that he looked forward to training under him and added confidently, "I want to prepare for the Olympic Games in 1936. I believe I can make the team."

Welch had heard only vaguely of San Romani; and his best time, a shade under 4:30 for a mile, was mediocre in comparison against the performances of Cunningham, Bonthron, Venzke and a large second echelon of competent college milers. To the coach San Romani's words had the appearance of empty boasting.

But Welch's annoyance gave way to respect when he met San Romani, saw the scarred right leg and evaluated his achievements against the background of his handicap. Much was possible, he conceded, with a youth who had already ac-

complished what San Romani had and who had worked at running harder than any athlete he had ever seen.

Welch never destroyed that letter. After San Romani was graduated he would read the letter to young runners who had become discouraged and add:

"There was a boy who believed in himself, who never learned how to say 'quit.' If you can acquire his courage and determination you'll go far—in sports and in life."

Welch worked San Romani in sprints to give him greater speed and an improved finish. He decided that his body needed development along with his legs and he prescribed long hours of gymnastic workouts. He taught him pace and San Romani said, "He got me so that I could tell almost within a fifth of a second how fast I was running a quarter of a mile, thus helping me to determine my expenditure of energy during a race."

San Romani added, "I trained hard. I started at three o'clock in the afternoon and I kept going until six. Many times the coach would come out to the track and stop me from working too long."

In the late spring of 1934, Welch put San Romani through a mile trial run, and his time of 4:22.8 broke the Central College Conference record.

The next year San Romani became eligible for competition, and Welch's coaching and patience began to pay off for Emporia.

San Romani won the 1500 meters in the Kansas University Relays, beating the second place man by 30 yards in 3:57.6. On the strength of this showing Welch entered him in the National Intercollegiate mile at Berkeley, California.

San Romani was lost in the pack for three quarters. Starting to pick his way through the mass of runners on the last

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lap, he tripped and fell while running in ninth place. As he fell his "football knee" jumped out of place. San Romani got up, started to run, and the knee popped back into position. Immediately he opened up with his sprint and won the championship mile in 4:19.1.

Two weeks later at the Western Conference Championship San Romani cut this time down by exactly five seconds but finished second. He was ranked now in the second echelon of American milers, behind the big three of Cunningham, Bonthron and Venzke. But San Romani, like Cunningham—whom he came to idolize—was never content to remain with the pack.

Nineteen thirty-six. Olympic year. Track and field moved to a commanding position on the sports pages as the summer approached. The big winter meets in the east were all sellouts, with Cunningham the greatest attraction.

Cunningham was easily the outstanding miler, although Venzke beat him by inches in setting a new world indoor record for the 1500 meters. In the early spring Bonthron began training for the tryouts. Welch, meanwhile, brought San Romani along slowly, pointing him for the final tryouts in New York.

Four times the two miracle milers from Kansas met in regional qualifying tests and each time Cunningham won. San Romani, however, was under instructions from Welch to run just to qualify, not to try to beat Cunningham.

But when they came together in the final 1500 meter round on a hot Sunday afternoon in July at Randall's Island, New York, Welch lifted the ban on an all-out race by San Romani.

Given little chance to win, San Romani almost beat Cun-

ningham. They came sprinting down the straightaway chest to chest for 200 yards and Cunningham edged him out by inches. The time for both runners was the same, 3:49.9.

Cunningham and San Romani would represent the United States in the 1500 meters in Berlin.

The following Wednesday the two men with so much in common sailed for Europe aboard the S.S. *Manhattan*. Aboard ship they daily exchanged ideas on running and discussed strategy for the big race scheduled for August 6. The greatest threat to an American victory, they decided, would come from the amiable Lovelock. Both Americans, however, were primed for the greatest effort of their lives and Cunningham was confident that he could smash Bonthron's world record of 3:48.8 for the 1500 meters.

Cunningham, although he came down with stabbing pains in his calves two days before the race, did break the world record, but he lost. Lovelock outthought him, starting his magnificent finishing sprint earlier than had been his practice, almost at the start of the last 400 meters.

Cunningham, believing that Lovelock could not sustain his sprint for such a distance, delayed the start of his own kick, and then it was too late to close the gap. With ninety thousand fans screaming in a frenzy of excitement, the two milers came blazing down the stretch, Cunningham drawing rapidly closer to the leader. But there wasn't enough yardage left for him to overtake Lovelock.

Lovelock cut a full second from Bonthron's world record; Cunningham broke it by four-tenths of a second.

San Romani, who had beaten Sidney Wooderson of England to qualify for the final in the fastest of the trial heats, finished fourth, behind Beccali of Italy.

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Sports writers from a score of countries made much of the fact that the two American milers had been disabled as children and millions throughout the world were told the stories of the runners with the scarred legs.

Despite an occasional defeat, Cunningham ruled the mile for the next four years with San Romani his most persistent and dangerous challenger.

But two months after the Berlin Olympics San Romani took revenge against both Cunningham and Lovelock.

The New Zealander was invited to come to Princeton to meet America's best in the mile and endeavor to break the world record. Lined up against the invader in Palmer Stadium were Cunningham, San Romani, Glen Dawson of Oklahoma, and Don Lash of Indiana, holder of the world record for the two-mile run.

Cunningham had an off day and never was a serious contender. San Romani, recalling how Lovelock had started his final sprint abnormally early in Berlin, was determined not to be caught napping. He let Lovelock set the pace for three quarters, hanging grimly at his heels. And as the gun barked for the start of the fourth quarter he, San Romani, started to sprint first. He shot ahead to a five-yard lead.

Three times Lovelock fought up to his shoulder but San Romani refused to yield. Then, with Lovelock tiring from his unsuccessful bids to take the lead, San Romani put on more steam and won by eight yards going away.

His time of 4:09 did not touch the record, but his amazing last lap sprint gave him a record of the fastest last quarter, 56.7, of a mile run under 4:10.

In the spring of 1937, again at Princeton, San Romani ran

the second fastest mile in track history, 4:07.2, beating Don Lash and Cunningham with another tremendous stretch drive. In Helsinki, in August of that year, he bettered the world record for 2000 meters with a time of 5:16.7.

In Stockholm, on that same European tour, only a misunderstanding kept San Romani from smashing to smithereens the world record for the mile.

Running against the Swedish stars Henry Johnson and Oskar Petterson, he approached the 1500 meter marker with a lead of 40 feet and, to the astonishment of the crowd, came to a stop. He was under the impression that the marker represented the finish of the mile.

Quickly both Swedish runners sped past him and only then did San Romani realize his mistake and return to the competition. He overtook and passed them and smashed the Swedish mile record with a time of 4:08.4.

Track experts present calculated that San Romani's mistake cost him five seconds.

San Romani also set new American records for 5000 meters and 3000 meters in winning more than 125 races from 1936 through 1940.

Cunningham, meanwhile, was breaking six world records. Ten times he ran the mile in under 4:10, more often than any other runner in track history. Seven times he won a national championship.

In 1938, shortly after his incredible run at Dartmouth, he won the 1500 meters at the National A.A.U. championships in New York and set a new world indoor record of 3:48.4. An hour later he started in the 600-yard run, an event he hadn't trained for. Jimmy Herbert of New York University beat him by inches and had to break a world record to do it.

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Cunningham toured Europe. He toured the Far East and he beat the world's best. Meanwhile he was studying for a Ph.D. at New York University. He was the runner the fans wanted most to see. The greatest miler in history, he was called.

He celebrated his twenty-ninth birthday in 1939 but he still showed no sign of decline. Track experts marveled at the durability of his scarred legs as during that year he dominated the mile more completely than ever before. He won twenty-one consecutive mile races against the world's best before San Romani defeated him at the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans on the last day of the year.

San Romani proclaimed happily that this was his eleventh triumph over the king of the mile. But, pressed by reporters, he estimated ruefully that Cunningham had beaten him "about forty-five times."

Both men sought one further triumph before hanging up their spiked shoes—a victory in the Olympic Games. But World War II broke out and the Games were canceled. Two of the most remarkable careers in sports history came to a close.

Yet both men deny that there was anything extraordinary about their achievements.

Cunningham said, "I simply accepted my injury for what it was. I just took what assets I had and did the best I could with them."

San Romani put it this way: "Almost anything can be accomplished, no matter what handicap stands in the way, if one is determined. Just tell them for me, it can be done."

RELIEF CASE

NO. 2796

James J. Braddock

HE SAW the right hand coming, like a missile from a catapult, but the rust was on his reflexes and it crashed against his jaw. He fell hard, awkwardly, to the canvas. As the referee began his count he twisted on his side, facing up to the glare of the ring lights.

"I felt," said James J. Braddock, "like now I was really on my backside in every way possible. I hadn't thought I could fall any farther. But this was like the bottom of a deep well."

Two conflicting impulses struggled for mastery as the white arm of the referee semaphored toward the confirmation of defeat. "I felt like staying there on the canvas," he said. "I was licked, licked by life, licked in the ring. This Corn Griffin was too young, too tough. He'd been eating good."

But he was also being driven to get up, "to hit out, to punch and smash at something, somebody, for the hell I'd been going through."

He got up. Heavily, painfully, the black-haired ring veteran climbed to wobbly feet and shook the cobwebs from his head.

The other, the eager young heavyweight from Georgia, tore out of the neutral corner for the kill.

They collided in the center of the ring and a Cinderella story of sports began racing toward a climax that June night in the Madison Square Garden outdoor arena at Long Island City.

The story of Braddock the fighter could be said to have begun on the night of November 27, 1923, when a green, skinny kid climbed through the ropes for the first time at Moose Hall in Grantwood, New Jersey, and was paid \$3 for a four-round "amateur" bout.

Or it could be opened three years later with his first professional fight, a four-round draw with one Al Settle—for \$15.

But Braddock himself, speaking in the slightly husky voice that is a mark of the trade at which he had spent fifteen years, says, "I think the best time to start my story is when I went against Abe Feldman, when they threw us out of the ring—when it seemed I was washed up."

That would be September 25 of 1933, the place Mount Vernon, New York, a bush league town on the fight circuit.

He went into the ring that night, a slumping veteran who had fought the best in the business, with a badly hurt right hand.

Braddock's right was virtually his entire arsenal but he couldn't lay off long enough for the injury to heal. Not when fighting meant, in quite literal terms, bread and butter for Mrs. Braddock and their three babies.

So he went against Feldman, tough, awkward club fighter, his right hand "coked up" to deaden the pain from pile-driver use.

The first round at Memorial Field was uneventful, the two heavies feeling each other out. In the second Braddock saw an opening and threw the right. It landed on Feldman's head and he felt a bolt of hot agony despite the dope; he didn't need a doctor to tell him the hand was broken.

He had never developed an adequate left but desperately he tried to make do with it. The result was pitiful. The sparse crowd of six hundred, unaware of the break, jeered, booed, and stamped their feet and in the fifth the referee stepped between the two men and declared the bout "no contest."

The New York State Athletic Commission held up the purses. However, when a doctor's examination confirmed the fracture in Braddock's hand the commission lifted the restraint on his money. But Braddock and his friend and manager, Joe Gould, left the hearing in the state building in New York dejectedly.

The hand was in a cast and the doctor said Braddock couldn't return to the ring for months. "I guess I'm all washed up," Braddock said. Gould looked glum.

Braddock took the ferry across the Hudson River to join his family at North Bergen, New Jersey. "I didn't know how we were going to eat," he said. "After I paid some bills I would be almost flat broke—no money, no job, and I couldn't fight."

He talked at length that night with Mae Theresa Braddock, the gray-eyed neighbor who had become his wife in January of 1930.

"I'm a flop," he groaned. "I'm no good as a father. Can't even support my kids."

"Nonsense," she said. "You're a good man, James Braddock. A good man, a good husband and a good father. Everybody is having bad times but they're bound to get better."

"Better!" Braddock snorted in retrospect. "That was a picnic compared to what it was later."

There were four mouths to feed in addition to his own: Mrs. Braddock; Rose Marie, born a few months before; Jay, 2; and Howard, 14 months. This was the depression. Factories were idle. The big cities had their breadlines and every corner its apple seller. Businesses were failing; hundreds of banks had closed. Braddock had been harshly affected by both.

A bank closing had wiped out \$20,000 in savings, the fruits of his years in the ring. And because he then lacked cash to make payments on new equipment he lost a small taxi fleet in which he had invested.

As the winter approached Braddock trudged the streets, his pockets empty, looking for work, any kind of work. But everywhere he was confronted by the phrase he came to believe was the cruelest invented by man—"NO JOBS."

His clothes now were badly seamed; there were holes in his shoes. He didn't even own an overcoat but wore a faded green sweater. But doggedly he persisted, walking great distances to save carfare. Finally he found work, at the railroad yards at Weehawken, New Jersey, loading and unloading ties.

He who had once made \$10,000 for a single night's work in the ring rejoiced now in pay of \$3.50 for an eight-hour shift. It would have been enough if he could have worked full weeks, but the work had to be spread around and he was limited to three or four days. However, the Braddocks managed.

The work at the yards was hard and the men laboring on the heavy railroad ties stripped to the waist despite the blustery weather. Braddock became lean and trim. The yards were

more than three miles from his home and he walked and ran each way.

He expressed his hopes then in terms of a better job, perhaps a small business of his own. Not at all in terms of fighting. That career, he figured, was entirely past.

But unknown to him a development of huge significance to his ability as a fighter, when he did return to the ring, was taking place.

The longshoremen used a sharp-pronged, curved tie-hook to lift the heavy ties. A swift punching motion sank the hook into the wood, enabling the men to lift and carry the ties, a man at each end.

The first time Braddock tried it he automatically held the hook in his injured right hand, and felt a sharp pain when it dug into the wood. After a few efforts he realized he couldn't go through an entire day with the pain. He shifted the tie-hook to his left hand.

It was awkward at first and his blows landed wide of the target. But smoothness and accuracy developed over the following weeks, and the left arm acquired new strength and toughness from the motion which was so much like a punch thrown by a ringman.

Braddock never returned the hook to his right hand but the new habit had no significance for him then beyond the immediate one that he had satisfied the requirement of the job. However, the next year when he entered a gym for a short workout which preceded his fight with Corn Griffin he was astonished to find that his left had become a weapon of almost equal potency and precision to his right.

Braddock's job didn't last too long. Business was still falling off and he lost his job in a general layoff. Once more he "hit

the bricks" in search of work, returning each night tired and depressed.

Mrs. Braddock said, "the poor fellow often used to get up at 2:30 in the morning, get dressed and go out and walk for miles. He was too nervous, too depressed, to sleep.

"When he came home after dark after a whole day of looking for work, hungry and without a cent in his pockets, it tore my heart to shreds to see the look of black despair on his face."

Occasionally Braddock got a day's work on the docks loading ties on lighters, in a coal yard or on a moving van as the family struggled for existence in the winter of 1934.

The Braddocks moved into a smaller and cheaper flat, but the milkman who had been making their deliveries for three years stammered apologetically one day that his office had refused to extend further credit and that the milk was being cut off. The gas and electric company also notified Braddock that unless the long-due account was paid, service would be halted.

Mrs. Braddock said, "I'll never forget the day Jim came to me and said, 'Darling, I can't stand this any longer. It just tears my heart into little bits to see you and the babies suffering. I'm going over to the relief office and see if they can't make us a loan until I can get something to do.'"

Mrs. Braddock added, "The way he said it almost broke my heart. I knew it was gall and wormwood for him to have to swallow his fighting Irish pride and ask for charity. The fact that I knew he'd insist on paying every penny of it back didn't help very much."

Braddock went to the relief office in North Bergen township, a social worker investigated the family's circumstances,

and he was allotted \$24 a month, listed on the rolls as relief case No. 2796.

With this money and the pay from an occasional day's work the Braddocks got through the winter.

As the spring wore on the sports pages devoted increasing space to a buildup of the coming world's championship fight between the titleholder, cumbersome, massive Primo Carnera, and curly-haired Maxie Baer, "the greatest puncher since Jack Dempsey."

Braddock used to read about the training camp doings with professional but impersonal interest. How could it possibly concern him? But it did.

Charles Harvey, the shrewd fight manager with the comic opera mustache, was convinced he had a future world's champion in the young ex-soldier Griffin. Working as a sparring partner with Carnera at Pompton Lakes, Griffin had frequently hurt the big Italian with his heavy punching.

Jimmy Johnston, the Garden matchmaker, heartily agreed to putting the young "champion of the south" on the Carnera-Baer card in a preliminary bout. Now what was needed was a suitable opponent, somebody with a "name" whose defeat would enhance Griffin's growing reputation, yet somebody who would offer a bare minimum of risk.

Several victims were agreed on by Harvey and Johnston but in each case there was a hitch and matchmaker and manager were becoming worried as fight time drew near. Three days before the fight they had their heads together in the Garden office when Johnston exclaimed, "I've got it—Braddock! He's got a rep. He's fought the best and he hasn't got anything left."

"Wonderful!" Harvey shouted. "He's perfect. He's just a

shell and he hasn't had a fight in almost a year. Let's get hold of Gould."

To the surprise of the two men, Gould balked. He argued that Griffin was tough and he hated to see Braddock go against him in his first fight after a long layoff. He argued strenuously until Johnston burst in wrathfully, "Listen, you're always botherin' me for a fight for that washed-up fighter. I offer you a fight and you don't want it. I know dozens of guys that'd jump at the chance. Take it or leave it."

"We'll take it," Gould said. Braddock might get knocked out but he'd at least get a few dollars out of it. He begged a \$100 advance of the \$250 purse and went to New Jersey, feeling a little bit like Santa Claus.

He found his fighter on the docks at Weehawken, stripped to his pants top, lean and bronzed. "Well, boy," he greeted him, "I've got a fight for you—against Griffin, for two-fifty."

He took out the \$100 in tens, counted out half and held it out to Braddock who chuckled.

"But the fight is Thursday night," Gould said. "You got two days to train. Hustle over to Stillman's tomorrow and get in a couple of workouts."

Sated from a two-day diet of steaks, Braddock traveled to the Garden's outdoor bowl in Long Island City, carrying his ancient trunks and a borrowed pair of ring shoes wrapped in newspaper. Before fifty-five thousand fans on edge with the expectation of seeing the heavyweight title change hands he climbed into the ring for the first time in nine months.

The bell clanged and Gould shouted, "Go get him, Champ!"

The twenty-eight-year-old Braddock tried desperately the first round of the scheduled four-rounder, but his arms and

legs responded with despairing slowness to the urgent signals of his battle-wise brain.

He took a bad beating in the first round. And in the second Griffin sent him to the canvas for a nine-count.

But Braddock rose and advanced toward the onrushing Griffin in defiance of Gould's frantic signals to back pedal. Rage spread through his body like an electric tingle. His right cocked, he weaved out of danger as Griffin threw two killer rights which had rocked the giant Carnera. But this left Griffin open and Braddock let go with his own right inside to the jaw.

The punch traveled no more than eight or ten inches and Griffin went down as though hit by an axe. "I felt the punch right up to my shoulder," Braddock said. "I don't think I ever hit anyone harder."

Griffin took nine and climbed drunkenly to his feet, but he never shook off the effects of the punch. He finished the second round in a daze, and in the third Braddock, fighting now like a goaded tiger, drove him from corner to corner, rendering him a hulk and helpless. The referee stepped in then and awarded the fight to Braddock on a technical knockout.

Braddock had taken a big step toward the heavyweight championship, but no one realized it. The morning papers told in print and picture-occupying pages how Baer won from Carnera by a technical knockout. Braddock's upset victory got a couple of lines.

He went back to New Jersey and when his \$125 share of the purse was gone he resumed drawing relief checks, supplemented by the pay from an occasional day's work on the docks. But now he was training, using the newly-developed

left with great effectiveness, while Gould drove fight promoters to distraction with his clamor for a fight.

But the promoters still weren't convinced that Braddock had anything left. Most of them regarded his defeat of Griffin as a fluke.

Finally Gould landed a second fight in Braddock's comeback, against John Henry Lewis of California, a capable heavyweight contender who had beaten the Irishman two years before.

Braddock and Lewis met in a ten-round semifinal at the Garden on November 16, 1934.

The Negro's management saw in Braddock only a chance to pick up some easy dollars enroute to a title shot, and the bookmakers established Lewis as a four to one favorite. As the unsentimental bookies saw it, a less experienced Lewis had beaten a younger and more capable Braddock before and was a cinch to repeat under the more favorable circumstances.

Fight bets are made discreetly so there is no way of telling how much Braddock cost the bookies. The Braddock who was beaten by Lewis at San Francisco had no left hand. The Braddock of 1934 used a left that was as penetrating as a rapier and as authoritative as a club.

He trailed the clever boxer in the first four rounds but in the fifth Braddock landed with his left on Lewis' jaw and he went down. That was the turning point. Boxing masterfully, always keeping his left in Lewis' face, Braddock overcame Lewis' lead and went ahead to win on points.

In the newspapers of the next morning Braddock, who now had "spoiled" two heavyweight hopefuls, came in for a good quota of space. And several stories stressed his surprisingly good left.

For the Lewis fight Braddock and Gould divided a purse of \$700. The fighter began to eat better and his lean frame filled out. He continued training while Gould haunted the Garden's Johnston for another fight. Then Braddock was signed to fight big Art Lasky who had built up a glittering reputation on the Pacific Coast. Lasky was a leading contender for Baer's newly-won crown.

Again Braddock was a lightly-regarded underdog. True, he had beaten Griffin and Lewis, but neither was in the same class with the towering Lasky. But once more Braddock confounded the smart money, beating Lasky by a wide margin at the Garden on March 22, 1935.

The experts now were really impressed, and Bill Brown of the New York Athletic Commission announced that Braddock would be named as "the number one challenger for Baer's crown at the very next meeting of the Commission."

Braddock went home that night to a happy household where Mrs. Braddock kissed the bruises on his rugged face. "Jim got \$4100 for his end of the purse," she said, "and the first thing he did in the morning was to cash his check and go over to the relief office and pay back every cent they had given us while the wolf was knocking at the door."

He returned home from his expedition and it was a sign of his new estate that he found the parlor crowded with newspapermen. One of the reporters asked for an autograph "for my little boy," and Braddock said with a laugh, "It's a pleasure. The only thing I've been used to signing lately is a relief check."

On March 26, at its regular weekly meeting, the Commission confirmed Brown's pledge and designated Braddock as the outstanding challenger.

How did it happen that the Commission tapped Braddock in disregard of the remaining contenders, Carnera, Hamas, Schmeling and Impellitiere? Here luck played its part.

Schmeling, who had been rated number two, refused to leave Germany to come to the United States to enter the lists, demanding that Baer come to his homeland to fight. Walter Rothenburg, a German promoter, offered Baer \$300,000 to defend his title in Berlin. Baer refused.

Rothenburg next offered Hamas, a former football back and rated number one contender, \$25,000 to fight the black-browed Schmeling at a Nazi festival in Hamburg.

Hamas accepted, confident that he could repeat an earlier victory over the German. They met two weeks before Braddock defeated Lasky, and Schmeling gave the American a bad beating and knocked him out in the ninth.

That left Carnera and Impellitiere. On March 15 the two big men fought at Madison Square Garden and eliminated each other with an exhibition of dull, clumsy fighting which provoked unceasing boos. Carnera won by a technical knockout, but nobody cared.

Thrust thus into the leading contender's position was the Cinderella man Braddock, who only a few months back wasn't considered worth five dollars for a ring appearance—and who would have fought for just that to feed his family.

Baer, in California when the Commission made its announcement, disparaged the choice. On the way East for the signing ceremony Baer sneered at Braddock at every train stop:

"If I can't make better matches than the Commission I'll go back to herding cows . . . I think my brother Buddy can knock him out in the first round . . . If Braddock needs the

money badly I'll let him work as one of my sparring partners."

The title fight was scheduled for June 13—one year less a day from the time Braddock entered the ring against Corn Griffin.

Braddock and Gould pitched their training camp at Loch Sheldrake, an isolated spot in the Catskills about 100 miles from Manhattan.

Braddock, a few weeks short of his thirtieth birthday, began getting into the best shape of his life under the gimlet eye of veteran trainer Doc Robb. He started by running six and seven miles every morning along the mountain paths, then roaming the woods with an axe over his shoulder for tree-chopping exercises. Bedtime was eight o'clock.

Food was another important element in his preparations. Braddock said, "I'd been eating good since the Lewis fight but now I really began to put it away. I guess I ate tons of steaks and chops and drank barrels of milk.

"Perhaps many people won't believe it, but it's in the record: a few weeks after I hit camp I was weighed and measured. My weight had gone up to 218, 36 pounds more than I weighed for Lasky, *and I had grown a full inch since then, to six-foot-three*. Pretty good when you're almost thirty."

A strong and toughened Braddock then began ringwork and punching the bag as the next step in his preparations. Gould had lined up an assembly of four surprisingly good heavyweights and every session was a jarring, bruising fight during which Braddock and his partner of the moment kept nothing back.

Baer, meanwhile, supremely confident, was spending a good deal of his training time at Asbury Park, New Jersey, in clowning and entertainment. Nevertheless, the odds,

heavily weighted in Baer's favor to begin with, widened steadily. The experts readily conceded that Braddock was in the best shape of his life but maintained he simply wasn't in the champion's class.

Jack Dempsey predicted a knockout by Baer within five or six rounds. Gene Tunney, another ex-champ, also picked Baer to win easily and the champion himself said with mock concern, "I won't fight this guy unless they have an ambulance ready at the stadium to rush him to the hospital. I'm afraid I'll kill him."

When fight time arrived the odds were ten to one against Braddock, and virtually the only takers were sentimental bettors risking a few bob on the underdog. Anybody who knew the fight game was aware that Braddock had lost more than twenty fights in the last ten years. Baer, however, hadn't been beaten in four years, losing the last time as a novice of twenty-two.

The odds would have been even greater against Braddock if a certain training camp secret had leaked out. One day, three weeks before the fight, Gould and Robb were summoned urgently to Braddock's room where they found the challenger in bed, holding his side, his face tightened in pain.

"I can't breathe," Braddock said slowly. "One of those punches in the rib . . . it feels like it's broken . . . it hurts like hell."

It was dusk and none of the newspapermen covering the camp were nearby. Gould and Robb bundled Braddock into a car and spent most of the night in driving to North Bergen, to the office of Dr. M. J. McDonnell. They decided against visiting a local doctor for fear the news would leak.

Dr. McDonnell, rubbing his eyes to stay awake, made the

examination and said, "He has a badly dented rib. Also some of the muscles underneath are torn. He'll have to lay off boxing, say, for about ten days."

The three men did not return to the camp. They spent the next three days in New York, ostensibly to enable Braddock to visit with his children and attend a testimonial dinner. In the meantime the doctor had made for him a special harness to protect his injured side.

On their return to camp Braddock loafed for two more days. Then Gould, afraid that the loafing might arouse suspicions, called together the hired hands and said:

"Listen, you guys, Baer is a head puncher. From now on I want Jim to concentrate on a defense for this. So punch for the head. Body punches are out. Any time I catch you hitting for the body there'll be a fine."

Braddock went into the training ring wearing a sweatshirt to conceal his harness and the brawls went on as before, but with his crew of opponents firing only for the head. And no one was the wiser.

The day of the fight was hot and stifling when champion and challenger arrived for the weighing-in. Braddock registered 191 $\frac{3}{4}$. The magnificently built Baer was 18 pounds heavier.

In the late afternoon Braddock and Gould drove from Manhattan to the Garden bowl on the flatland at Long Island City, where the challenger napped for a while in his dressing room. A few minutes before ten a sweat-shirted ex-fighter called him for the march to the ring.

Braddock, clad in a robe of blue silk, got a deafening roar from the crowd of thirty-five thousand which claimed him as

its sentimental favorite. Baer, grinning and clowning, waving to friends, drew applause mixed with boos.

The referee called the two men to ring center for the instructions both men could recite in their sleep. They returned to their corners, the bell clanged, and it was Braddock against Baer.

The grim challenger stormed from his corner, took a stiff left, kept coming and staggered Baer with a right to the side of the jaw. Braddock blasted the inviting jaw with another right, did it again and then threw his left to the face, climaxing the round with a series of lefts to the head.

It was Braddock's round but Baer seemed unruffled and to the crowd, seeing him magnificently confident, it seemed he could end the fight any time he wanted to open up.

But Braddock won the second round as well, using a long left with great effectiveness, boring in steadily, piling up points. At the end of the round Baer patted him on the back patronizingly.

At the opening of the third Baer's manager sent the champion out with a cry to "get this guy." In a light exchange Baer saw an opening and shot his right with tremendous force against Braddock's jaw. The challenger shook his head and kept coming.

Doc Robb, working in Braddock's corner, said later, "When I saw Jim stand up under the blow that tipped over Schmeling and Carnera I knew I was working for the next champion."

The crowd sat amazed as Braddock took the best the champion could dish out as round succeeded round, wiped the blood from his mouth and nose and hammered away at the handsome body that was gradually turning an angry red, closing the champion's left eye, bashing his nose.

Condition began to count more heavily in the last stages of the fight. Baer's legs lost their spring. He grew sluggish and weak. His breathing became labored. He had shot his bolt. Braddock won the twelfth and thirteenth rounds by huge margins.

Baer knew now that his only hope was a knockout and desperately he tried to score one, but Braddock wouldn't let him get set in the two remaining rounds, kept him off balance, overwhelmed him.

At the final bell the verdict was to be foretold in the way the two men walked to their corners.

Mrs. Braddock was not present among the throng which watched the fight and knew before the official announcement that the title had passed into the calloused hands of the challenger. She had listened to the radio broadcast of the fight at the Braddock home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fox.

The children were asleep in another room.

Tensely she sat waiting for the announcement as the referee and judges made up their score cards and the broadcaster spoke meaningless things to bridge the moments.

Then he shouted "And here's the official announcement . . . " The microphone picked up the words of the announcer . . . "Winner and new champion . . ." Mrs. Braddock burst into tears, then she laughed, and cried some more. Mrs. Fox, also crying, patted her daughter's hand.

They could hear the turmoil at the ringside, the Niagara thunder of the crowd and then Braddock himself came to the mike. "I was thinking," he said through puffed lips, "of the wife and kids all the time. I told them I was going to bring home the bacon and I had to make the grade."

Two years later Braddock fought a championship bout with Joe Louis. He lost the bout—and his crown—but he was paid a substantial sum. He knew then that his fighting days were over. He was content, however. He had amassed enough money to be sure that his family would never again have to suffer deprivation.

He was now a well-to-do man, and he purchased a home in North Bergen, New Jersey. But he did not retire to a quiet life. He acquired a small shipyard on the New Jersey shore of the Hudson River and established there a business of selling ship supplies. And he knows that his family is eating well! The days of relief checks are over for good.

“OMNIA FIERI POSSUNT”

Forbes Holten Norris, Jr.

THERE is a myth in sports, told in the words: “He looks like a champion.”

But in reality, champions often look not at all like picture book athletes.

Honus Wagner’s legs were markedly bowed; he seemed cumbersome and slow. But the Dutchman is regarded as the greatest all-round shortstop who ever dug his spikes into a baseball diamond.

The Czechoslovak army officer Emil Zatopek ran as though every stride were going to be his last, but he was the outstanding athlete of the 1952 Olympic Games, grimacing his way to victory in the 5000 meter run, the 10,000 meter run and the marathon—all in record time.

Frank Hinkey of Yale weighed 147 pounds. Few looked less “like a champion.” Yet he was an All-American end in football, and so deadly was his tackling that opposing backs returning punts often would skid to a desperate stop at his approach to avoid being cut down as by a scythe.

The pages of sports are rich with the stories of champions who looked not at all like the mythical picture of a champion. For instance, the story of Forbes Holten Norris, Jr. of Harvard:

Frail-looking, bespectacled, he looked more like a scholar than an athlete. He walked with an awkward limp, one side of his body dipping in endless payment for a moment of childhood rashness. But he was a champion, an All-American swimmer, a national title holder.

How did he conquer his handicap? By refusing to believe that there was a handicap in the first place.

“I don’t think,” he said, “that I have been handicapped from childhood any more than nearly everyone is handicapped in some way. True, some have physical handicaps, but there are others who are handicapped because they lack a drive, because they have never been challenged.

“I don’t think that I rose to any more success than anyone can reach by hard work.

“In sports,” he added, “and in many other spheres, there’s a mental frontier at which physical anguish saps the will to continue. In my opinion, the champion is one who by constant hard work and effort has succeeded in extending that frontier.

“It doesn’t matter with what physical equipment you start. One of my professors in a particularly difficult course at Harvard used to remind us: ‘Omnia Fieri Possunt.’”

That was his code: “Proud Men Can Do Anything.”

Bill Bingham, former Harvard athletic director whose association with Crimson sports activities covered forty years, said that Norris and Gene Nickerson, a student who came to the college with one arm in a cradle—the heritage of infantile

paralysis—and became a star squash player, “have given me the greatest thrills I have ever known in sports.”

But Bingham had never heard of Ted Norris on that warm afternoon of May 6, 1940, when it all began. . . .

“We lived then,” Norris said, “in Richmond, Virginia, where Dad was assistant superintendent of schools. I liked hiking and on that day I started off with four of my friends on a walk to Ashland, some 12 or 15 miles away.”

The boys never got to Ashland and Ted Norris never walked true again.

En route the boys were attracted by a sewage disposal plant under construction. They stopped to rest and examine the project, particularly the prominent brick chimney dominating the plant.

It was Saturday and none of the workmen was about. One of the boys said, “Let’s climb it, fellers,” and the five school-boys made a dash for the rickety makeshift ladder leaning against the new red bricks. Ted got there first and started up.

Spurred by the good-natured jeers of “come on, slowpoke,” he climbed nearly thirty feet to the top of the chimney. Then he twisted around to taunt his companions. The ladder rocked; he lost his balance and fell.

He landed on his right side on a pile of bricks and his left foot slammed like a hammer against a bricklayer’s hod. He lay huddled on the ground, groping for his left foot which felt as if it had been plunged into fire. “My foot,” he moaned. “My foot.”

And it was because of this priority of pain that his foot received immediate attention from the Norris doctor a short time later and a much more critical injury was overlooked.

The left heel, the doctor quickly determined, was broken. Clucking sympathetically, he set it with a Steinman pin, like a wire nail, to keep it in place and prevent the tug of the Achilles tendon from causing a new separation.

The job done, he let out his breath and smiled down at the white-faced 12-year-old. “In a few months,” he said cheerfully, “you’ll be as good as new and hitting those home runs again.”

He was terribly wrong, but some time was to elapse before this became known.

A stirrup was attached to the injured heel to minimize shock in the foot’s contact with the ground and Ted, aided also by crutches, resumed his school studies.

Several months later the crutches were found to be no longer necessary and were stored away in a closet of the Norris home. The heel bone had knit cleanly.

But immediately Ted began to feel pain in his right hip, worsening pain, particularly when he made a vigorous leg movement or when he sat down. His parents noted with concern the wince which crossed his face when Ted slid into his chair at the dinner table.

His father took the boy back to the doctor who probed gently and then suggested x-rays. These revealed a serious situation. The epiphyses, a cartilage-like cap at the head of the femur, which turns into bone in later life, was slipping constantly out of the pelvis socket, and the femur itself was broken. Making matters worse and sharpening the pain was the fact that, as a result of the unrestricted use of Ted’s right leg, the broken femur had splintered.

A short time later Ted underwent surgery for his hip. It was a complex job requiring high skill. The entire neck of the

femur, about the size of a child's fist, was cut away; and the top of the bone was shaped and fitted into the socket with a hinge device.

The operation was successful but Ted's ordeal was only begun. To insure healing without mishap his whole body was placed in a cast and thus he spent the next six months on a hospital bed.

Released finally from his plaster prison, he was fitted out with crutches and, later, with a leg brace, without which he was unable to walk for another year's time.

These were finally discarded, having done their service; but during the period of enforced inactivity Ted's right leg had shortened, and for six months the shrunken ligaments did not permit the knee to bend.

A full year of daily massage and special exercises were required to restore flexion to the joint. However, his right leg remained two inches shorter than his unimpaired left. Moreover, the leg muscles had deteriorated badly.

His father, Harvard '17, an ex-athlete who still played a strong game of tennis, aided his boy in a system of daily calisthenics designed to restore tone to the muscles.

But beyond these calisthenics he could not go for a considerable time. He was strictly forbidden to run or take part in any vigorous activity which might result in a fall.

The cherished sports equipment gathered dust in a closet, but as time passed Ted couldn't keep away from the playing field and the gym. If he couldn't play, he decided, he would do the next best thing.

Soon he was doing chores for the Thomas Jefferson High School teams and in his senior year was appointed undergraduate manager for baseball, basketball and football.

The limping boy traveled with the players, shared their food, reflected their joys and sorrows in victory and defeat. And for his work he was awarded the prized “TJ” varsity letters.

He also swam a bit because he enjoyed it and because his doctor had suggested the exercise for its therapeutic value.

But not even in his dreams did he think then of seeking a career in the aquatic sport. “As a matter of fact,” he said, “I never saw an organized swimming meet until I came to Harvard.”

During summer vacations Ted attended Boy Scout camps near Richmond where he gravitated eagerly to the Red Cross swimming courses. He spent most of his free time in the water, and once he rescued a fellow Scout who had gotten into difficulty in ten feet of water.

In the fall of 1945 Ted Norris enrolled at Harvard on the Cambridge bank of the placid Charles River, where his father had been a student before him. For a few days he browsed about in the student bookshops, made the acquaintance of Harvard’s more prominent historical sites and watched the football squad in its opening workouts.

And then one bright fall afternoon he showed up after class for a Red Cross swimming course. The Blockhouse swimming pool, in the indoor athletic building across the street from Lowell House, was asplash with athletes. Elsewhere sturdy young swimmers were working with the medicine ball, going through muscle loosening exercises.

These were the candidates for the Harvard swimming team, called out by Coach Harold S. Ulen. Norris thinks that Ulen, who began coaching the Harvard swimmers in 1929, was “a great coach and a great guy.” His record in terms of

building teams and the regard for him of generations of Harvard men endorse both accolades, but perhaps his most impressive testimonial is Norris himself.

This was to be the first Harvard varsity swimming team since 1942 when World War II forced a curtailing of intercollegiate sports. Top athletes drained off by the armed forces had not yet returned and the freshman ineligibility rule was still in suspension, permitting newcomers to college to join immediately in varsity sports.

Ulen knew well that if Harvard were to produce a good team that 1945-1946 season he would have to fashion it almost entirely out of green material. Thus he scrutinized with unusual closeness the crude splashers in the 25-yard pool. Forbes, climbing out of the water, found himself confronted by the coach.

Ulen toyed with the silver whistle suspended by a chain from his neck, smiled, extended his hand and said, "I'm Ulen—the swimming coach."

Then Ulen said, "I've been watching you in the water. Why don't you come out for the team? I think there's a swimmer in you. We'll try to bring him out with proper work."

Ted didn't answer at once, but he remembers that his heart leaped to his throat with joy. He says, "That was one of the most important moments of my life. How different it might have been if that one moment had never occurred."

He savored in silence the prospect of sports participation after five and a half years on the sidelines, the wonder that Harvard's famous swimming coach should consider him for the team. But a boyish stoicism concealed his excitement and he said only, "I'd like to. When do I start?"

"Right now."

They began with body exercises. Light exercises, they were called, but Ted returned to his quarters that night with aches from muscles whose existence he had almost forgotten. They progressed to more strenuous exercises, the study of swimming form and then water workouts—a half mile a day for strength.

Ulen did not spare the freshman who only three years before had emerged from a body cast. The coach asked a great deal; Ted gave him even more, volunteering additional layers of work and study.

As the time for the first competition drew near Ulen watched him more closely to determine the event for which he was best fitted. Quickly he dismissed the sprint events. These required a strong leg drive and the boy with the bad hip was weak there. Just how weak Ted recalled with a wry grin.

“Ulen used to make me and the others practice on the flutter board. The swimmer lies on this in the water, his legs extended beyond the board, and its purpose is to develop leg whip as an aid to the arms in thrusting the body through the water.”

He added, “With Ulen looking on, I got into position and started to kick as vigorously as I could . . . and actually went backward.”

Ulen assigned him to the 440 yards and 400 meters with the intention of building up his endurance later for the mile also. He aided Ted in designing a stroke which would by-pass his limitations and get the utmost out of what potential he possessed. These, as Ted described them, were the limitations:

“My right leg was two inches shorter than the left. The right leg could not be raised more than 20 degrees from the

plane of the body, either backward or forward, nor more than 10 degrees sideways from the center line of the body.

"Accordingly, any exercise requiring extensive leg action was out of the question. For instance, I could not do deep knee bends or sit backward on a chair, to name two simple things. Also the hip became very tired if I stood for more than 20 or 30 minutes, although I could comfortably walk a mile or so."

The freshman, the coach realized, would have to get more motive power out of his arms and shoulders than other swimmers. To compel this unusual reliance on arms and shoulders Ulen used to instruct Ted to eliminate the legs altogether in practice, tying his feet together to force the upper body to take on the whole burden in the water.

Together they worked out a variation of the crawl, a stroke requiring less leg support than any other. As a result, Ted had developed one of the strongest arm motions in all swimming before he was graduated from Harvard.

After a time Ulen put Norris through a time trial for the 440 and the stop watch showed about six minutes—just mediocre. But neither coach nor pupil was discouraged; this was merely the opening phase of a long-range program.

Ceaselessly they worked at eliminating flaws in form, smoothing out rough spots, building strength and speed; and Ted gave prodigiously more than was asked.

"Because I lacked leg power," Ted said, "I developed a tendency to roll in the water, and we worked on this until it disappeared. Ulen had an eye like a hawk for flaws.

"He found, for instance, that I was carrying my shoulders too high and offering excessive resistance to the water. So I began concentrating on dropping my shoulders, drilling it into

myself, and after a time the reform became an inseparable aspect of my technique.

“Of course, things like this didn’t come about entirely in the first month or even the first year. It was work, work, work; study, study, study.

“By developing an efficient breathing motion, whereby I turned my head only slightly to breathe, I further reduced the need for a strong leg motion, since breathing often induces a violent twisting which requires a six-beat leg thrash to control.”

Yet such was Ted’s concentration that by his junior year he had also developed a good leg thrash—“despite the fact that it was by far the worst on the Harvard team.”

Before the first meet of the winter Ted was put through another time trial and at its conclusion Ulen whistled appreciatively—5:30. The boy was getting his time down.

That meet in Harvard’s pool was the first that Ted had ever seen, it was the first in which he competed and, to round out the firsts, he “bumped concrete” first in 5:29.7.

In a drive to win points against the higher-rated Brown swimmers, Ulen entered Ted also in the 220-yard freestyle and he captured a third place. Harvard won an upset 55 to 20 victory.

The dual meet season entered its first swing. Harvard encountered Trinity College, Dartmouth, St. George’s School, Connecticut State. In all these Ted won the 440 and picked up scoring points in the 220.

In the middle of March the Harvard team journeyed to New Haven to meet the Yale swimmers in the exhibition pool of the beautiful Payne Whitney Gymnasium. The veteran Blue team had gone undefeated in two years of dual meet

competition and the experts predicted they would win again. They did, 48 to 27. But Ted won one of the three first places which went to Harvard, his time a respectable 5:10 in the 440.

If Ted had stopped right there, after the Yale meet, his achievements in his first year of swimming would have been wondrous. But he hadn't yet reached the climax.

The National Collegiate A.A. Championships were scheduled to be held at Yale the latter part of March, and Ulen entered Norris in the 440 and 1500 meters.

Ted failed to place in the 440. But he won his trial heat in the longer event. And in the final, decided on a basis of time in the trials, he placed third. Not bad for a freshman.

Norris senior, meanwhile, had moved the family to Winchester, Massachusetts, where he had been appointed superintendent of schools; and Ted returned home from college with a case of measles but happy over his achievements in his first year of competitive swimming.

He was awarded a major "H" for his victory against Yale, won the Wyman medal which is given annually to the high point scorer of the Harvard swimming team, and was placed in third position in the 1500 meters in the Intercollegiate All-American selections of the college swimming coaches. Also Bill Bingham, the Harvard athletic director, wrote to him:

"Dear Forbes:

"I want to extend my congratulations to you for the remarkable progress which you have made in swimming this year. It is not very often that a comparatively inexperienced swimmer can win a first from Yale, and it is even more seldom that a boy in

the same category can place in the N.C.A.A. meet . . .”

Ted Norris dug into his books for the remainder of the school year and in the summer following his freshman year went off to New Hampshire to work as a counselor in a boys' camp. There he swam daily.

He returned to Cambridge in the fall, deeply tanned and enthusiastic for a renewal of his studies and swimming. The first week in October Ulen called out the candidates for the team. The head coach, flanked by assistant coaches Bill Brooks and Bernie Kelly, beamed as he surveyed the record number of 125 aspirants. There was not only quantity; the quality also was high.

That second year Ted did not make the advances that one might have expected after his sensational performances as a freshman. “I improved some,” he said, “but the competition was better, much better. I reached a plateau that year and stayed there, but I also consolidated the gains of the year before. For one thing, I was more consistent in my times.”

Harvard did not compete in the N.C.A.A. that year but the Eastern Intercollegiates were held at Yale and a Harvard team was entered. There was no 1500 meter event on the program and Ted failed to score in the 440.

By now Ted, Ulen, and Bill Brooks, the assistant coach, with whom Ted had struck up a friendship, were well aware that the 440 was much too short a race for Ted to show at his best. But no one on that Harvard team, which beat Brown, West Point, Columbia, Navy and Princeton, trained harder than Ted. “I think,” he said, “that I worked just about twice

as hard as most swimmers. I used to spend as much as five hours a day in training in the pool and in exercises."

And before he started his junior year Ted was to grasp his greatest triumph, one he wouldn't even have dared dream about when he told Ulen he would try out for the team.

That summer Ted got himself a job as aquatic director at the Cambridge Y.M.C.A. camp at Dunstable, Massachusetts, and he drove there from his Winchester home with a rigorous training program written out on a sheet of paper in his pocket—and a goal. The goal was the national long distance championship.

He trained strenuously for two and a half months and at the end of August he left for Williams Lake at Rosendale, New York, for the four-mile championship swim to be held under the sponsorship of the National Amateur Athletic Union.

On race day the referee explained the rules to the twenty-six entrants who were to swim over a 400-yard course, then the starter's gun went off and Ted's body hit the cool clear water with his fellow swimmers as a roar went up from the crowd in the grandstand.

Ted, an unknown to the crowd, set a swift pace from the start and pushed ahead of the thrashing mass at the 100-yard mark with a strong crawl. When he went by the judges' float at the completion of the first 400 yards he had opened up a lead of 25 yards.

He was never overtaken. Steadily he drew away from the pack. At the mile post he was 100 yards ahead. At two miles his lead was about 150 yards, at three miles it was 200 yards.

Ted waded ashore with a lead of nearly 300 yards over Ted Stevens of the Cleveland University Circle Y.M.C.A. Steve

Wozniak, of Buffalo, the defending champion, was third. The winner's time was one hour, 35 minutes and 10 seconds, second fastest ever made for the event and only three seconds away from the record.

The crowd speculated that if the water had not been so choppy the Harvard swimmer probably would have gone under the record.

For his Rosendale achievement Ted was picked as the number one All-American long distance swimmer by the A.A.U. officials meeting in Omaha the following December.

Who would have been reckless enough to predict on the day that the cast was chipped and peeled away from Ted's bed-weary body that less than six years later he would be chosen best athlete in the land in a strenuous specialty? And this less than two years after he had limped into the Blockhouse pool at Harvard for the first time!

Swimming touched a new high in popularity and competition became fiercer than ever the next season, for they were trying for the finest of all prizes—places on the American team which would compete in the Olympic Games to be held in London in the summer of 1948.

In his junior year at Harvard Ted returned once more to the shorter swims, the 440 and the 220. He was better, faster than ever. He was consistently swimming the 440 in under five minutes, getting down to 4:55.3 against Columbia. However, he swam an off-form race against Yale and lost.

Then Harvard played host on March 19 and 20 to more than two hundred top swimmers in the Eastern Intercollegiates. Ted, his Yale slump continuing, failed even to place in his trial heat of the 440.

Ulen worriedly expressed the view that Ted was over-trained, that his "reserve batteries" had been drained. But with the qualifying rounds for the Olympic team imminent he didn't dare prescribe a respite.

Ulen entered his star junior in the National A.A.U. championships at Yale on April 1 and 2 with still another regret. The longest swim in this meet, as in the Olympics, was the 1500 meters, and sprint power, which Ted lacked, counted heavily.

The fine Yale pool had frequently been Ted's hard-luck pool, but this time the jinx failed. He won his trial heat, which projected him into the final where he captured a fifth place. It was good enough to move him into the final tryouts at Detroit.

Ted still had to do better. At the final tryouts only the first three finishers would be picked to represent the United States in London. And the four men who had beaten him at Yale would be at Detroit and would be joined by crack milers who hadn't entered the New Haven competition. Among the latter was young Jimmy McLane of Andover who, the year before, had won the National A.A.U. 400, 800, and 1500 meters at San Diego.

At this juncture Ulen decided he could now give Ted the rest he so badly needed. He told the young athlete, "Take a month off. Get out of the water. Relax, have some fun—but stay away from the water."

Dutifully, Ted followed orders. He loafed, read, watched ball games and tried to think of water only as something to drink or wash with.

He also spent more time with his family at Winchester, a few miles from Cambridge. Afternoons he cheered impar-

tially as Dad Norris engaged his freckle-faced sister Marjorie, two years Ted's junior, in tennis. Marjorie, who was enrolled at Rollins College in Florida, was captain of the New England junior girls' tennis team, and her trophies in the Norris home were beginning to rival Ted's collection in number.

Evenings, sister and brother joshed each other in a good-natured competition over the comparative merits of Harvard and Rollins. Sometimes Marjorie would go to the piano, Ted would take out his violin, and their father would sing.

During these pleasant family evenings Mrs. Norris would sit in a comfortable rocker and beam. "I didn't do anything," she said. "I was the audience."

Ted used his new leisure for still another purpose—to study. He had entered Harvard on a scholarship that had been awarded him because of his high grades at Thomas Jefferson High School. But Ted reduced the emphasis on his studies once he became engrossed in swimming. As a matter of fact, following his graduation, he was compelled to return for additional credits in order to qualify for entrance to the Harvard Medical School, even though his grades, in the subjects he had taken, were better than average.

There were, however, no regrets over the slacking in scholarship, no feeling that studies were unimportant. Ted knew exactly what he was doing. He said, "It was just that I was aware that swimming had a huge importance to me. It filled a gap that otherwise would have been completely empty. Put it this way: I gained in life at the expense of my studies."

In July Ted left for Detroit where three hundred of America's greatest swim stars were assembling at the Brennan Pools for the final tests. The competition started on July 8 before 7000 enthusiasts in the outdoor stands under a broiling sun.

CHAMPIONS BY SETBACK

The respite from training had restored Ted's energies and reflexes, and preliminary workouts had put a razor edge on his condition. He felt he was ready for his best performance.

Examining the line-ups in the seeded heats, Ted realized grimly that he would have to summon up his best merely to qualify for the final.

But Ted did it. The Harvard man whom the sports writers assembled at Detroit were beginning to term "the arm swimmer" raced away from all of them except Jack Taylor, the champion, who won the heat in 20:06. Ted's second-place time of 20:13.5 proved better than the winning times in the other heats with the exception of that posted by young McLane, the Andover boy, who did 19:40.3 in another heat.

Ted sat baking in the sun as high-powered stars were shut out in the trial heats. Two days later he slid into the pool again for a warm-up as the announcer roared over the loud speaker the names of the eight finalists.

Ted had upset the odds by reaching the final. Now the odds were even higher. Only three men would qualify for the Olympic team and first place virtually had to be conceded to the amazingly swift McLane.

Eight bodies knifed into the sunlit pool with the starter's gun and the brilliant McLane quickly thrust ahead into the lead. Ted hung stubbornly in his wake and the crowd marveled at the effectiveness of his choppy stroke.

As the laps were checked off by the officials, McLane kept building up his lead, but still Ted held second. But McLane relentlessly drew further away and the plodding Norris yielded nothing to the other challengers as he swam his fastest 1500 meters.

Wearily he pulled himself out of the pool with a roaring in

his ears which resulted as much from an inner exultation as it did from the acclaim of the fans.

He stretched out on the hot cement and gasped, “Boy, am I dizzy. It was the hardest race I ever swam.” He heard the announcer read off McLane’s winning time, 19:27.7, and his own, 20:04, and then got to his feet to accept the Olympic certificate.

Ted had little time thereafter to relax and enjoy his achievement and honor. Asa Bushnell, secretary of the Olympic Committee, distributed passport applications and instructed the swimmers in the various forms they had to fill out. And almost immediately Olympic Coach Bob Kiphuth ordered two-a-day workouts for his twenty-one men swimmers, a group he termed “a better team than the one which represented the United States at the last Games in 1936 in Berlin.”

A few days later the swimmers and divers boarded a chartered plane in Detroit for the flight to Northolt Airport on the outskirts of London, a flight interrupted only by a stop-over in New York.

The ocean flight passed into history, but the Americans weren’t permitted to stretch their cramped legs immediately. Photographers from a dozen nations lined them up and exploded countless flashbulbs in their faces. Then the reporters took over. One newsman asked for a comment and Ted said, “Brr, it’s cold. Are our quarters heated?”

It was mid-July but London was shivering in a cold, wet spell. Soon the weather turned hot, so much so that when the competition got under way spectators were fainting at the rate of one a minute. To Ted the change in temperature was costly in another way.

Kiphuth ordered a week of workouts prior to the start

of competition on July 31. But to Ted, typically, the day workouts were not enough. He took advantage of the heat to get in some night work as well.

One night he appeared at the Empire Pool at Wembley Stadium, stripped off his trousers and lowered himself into the water. When he emerged the trousers were gone.

Ted said, "I looked all over for them, thinking that perhaps I had mislaid them in the dark. But they were gone all right. The only thing I could conclude was that a sneak thief had made off with them while I was in the pool. Clothes were in awfully short supply in England then, you know."

Fortunately another American had a spare pair in his locker and Ted borrowed them for the trip back to his quarters at Uxbridge.

Before the Games opened the Americans assembled outdoors at Uxbridge and were addressed by Mrs. Lewis Douglas, wife of the United States ambassador to the Court of St. James. She told them:

"The manner in which you win or lose will be remembered far longer on this side of the Atlantic than the names or faces of individuals among you who will return home with the highest honors."

And then at Wembley Stadium the late King George VI pronounced the words "I proclaim open the Olympic Games of 1948 celebrating the Fourteenth Olympiad of the modern era." Seven minutes later a torch lit on Mount Olympus in Greece and sped by runners across Europe and over the English channel by a warship was borne into the stadium. The games were begun.

There were trials, semifinals and a final in the 1500 meters.

Ted slipped into the water for the fifth trial heat and fin-

ished second to John Marshall, Australia's prodigy who later came to the United States to study and smashed records by the score. Ted then qualified for the final by placing third in the semifinal trial.

Eight men competed in the 1500 meter final, by elimination the eight fastest swimmers in the world over that distance. Now six of them would win Olympic medals; two would be disappointed.

The towering stands at the Empire Pool were built to accommodate 7000 persons, but an extra thousand had squeezed in to see the swim final and at least 4000 others were packed solidly outside the gates to derive a tortured pleasure from the roars of excitement within.

This, Ted told himself as the crowd hushed itself, is the supreme test. Now he must swim the greatest race of his career. Then the gun went off, its sound quickly becoming absorbed in the massed shout from the stands.

Ted hit the water in a perfect start with the others but the powerful Metro of Hungary cut through the 50-meter pool as if he were swimming a sprint race and at the end of two laps was well in front. His swift early pace spurred the others and Ted called on his arms and shoulders to exert their utmost pull. But his sprint was inferior to that of the others and he slipped back into last place, behind Heusner of the United States and Bland of England.

Through sneak looks which did not impair his stroke he saw McLane of the U.S. begin applying the pressure at the end of the third lap and then draw up even with the Hungarian ace at 200 meters, and pass him.

Now Ted's sustained power began to tell. Each time he extended a hand in the beginning of a stroke it reached closer

to the man in seventh place. Now they were even. And then Ted began to inch ahead. He was now in seventh place.

One more man, the Englishman Bland, to overtake and he would be in sixth place, a medal position. He dug powerfully into the water but the Englishman was unyielding as they swam the length of the pool four times. Ted summoned up a little more emergency power and the distance between the two swimmers began to shrink. At 500 meters he came abreast of Bland, swam with him for a dozen strokes and then moved ahead. Sixth place.

One thousand meters to go. He opened full the vents of his reserve of strength and spirit in an effort to improve his position further, but the comparatively short distance did not permit a swimmer without a strong leg thrust to show at his best. He held sixth place, as McLane sped away from Metro and then beat Marshall by 25 yards in a finish duel with the Australian.

The Olympics over, Ted went on a short European tour with the other American swimmers. Then he returned to the United States and successfully defended his national long distance championship at Williams Lake.

A parade of victories attended his senior year at Harvard, but now he began to achieve prominence in an additionally gratifying area. He was called on to write for the publications of the Red Cross, Boy Scouts, and other organizations his personal story of the conquest of a handicap, as an inspirational aid to boys and girls.

Carroll L. Bryant, national director of the water safety division of the American Red Cross, delivered a report on Ted at the National Convention for Crippled Children and Adults.

Thousands of youngsters striving to overcome physical and spiritual handicaps were thrilled and moved by hearing of Ted Norris, the All-American swimmer.

During the winter of Ted's senior year, the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation sponsored an exhibition at the Harvard pool. Bryant spoke on "swimming for the handicapped" while Ted gave a demonstration in the water.

Ted used to tell boys and girls, "I almost regret that my handicap is not greater so that this personal report could more pointedly emphasize the advantages of swimming—as a sport, a recreation and a physical therapy."

In the fall following his graduation he underwent surgery again, at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. A new hip joint was carved from the old, which had deteriorated, and was capped with a wondrous new alloy.

In the fall of 1951 he entered the Harvard Medical School to study to become a surgeon, inspired in the choice of this specialty by his own experiences. But his studies, he was determined, would not deter him from continuing in competitive swimming.

Always learning, always improving, this is the code of the proud, dignified young athlete and gentleman of whom coach Kiphuth was prompted to write:

"It is my fervent hope that some day I shall coach a squad of swimmers with the perseverance and diligence which Forbes displayed in training for and making the Olympic team . . ."

THE ICEMAN OF THE SADDLE

George Monroe Woolf

THEY called him by many names, King George, Sit Chilly, The Money Rider, Lead Pad, The Montana Cowboy. But one fitted as though tailor-made and this was the one that stuck—The Iceman.

His coolness in controlling 1200 pounds of thundering horseflesh, his faculty for carrying through his plotted strategy in a race despite provocation of other jockeys or beguiling circumstances made the name a natural one.

"He was all fire inside and all ice outside," said Marshall Cassidy, a leading race starter and executive secretary of the New York Jockey Club.

George Monroe Woolf was his name, but The Iceman became his accolade, and his epitaph.

The racing world bespoke his greatness in the tackroom, the stable and the clubhouse. From Gulfstream Park in Florida to Santa Anita in California, they used to say, in tribute to his precision sense of pace, "He rides with a clock in his head."

THE ICEMAN OF THE SADDLE

In admiration of his powerful hands, amazingly large for a man who was five feet one inch tall and weighed 115 pounds, they would remark, "Georgie could hold an elephant an inch away from a peanut until it was feeding time."

No jockey was his superior in an understanding of horses and the racing folk would recognize this by saying, "The horses run kindly for Georgie."

This was his heritage, a love and understanding of horses. It came from his grandfather, a trapper of wild horses in Utah, and from his father, Frank Henry Woolf, a range rider, stagecoach driver and horse breeder in Montana and Western Canada. For several years Frank Woolf managed the race horse farm of the Prince of Wales, later known to the world as the Duke of Windsor following a brief reign as Britain's King Edward.

George was born in Cardston, Alberta, Canada, in May of 1910. When he was still a tot his father moved the family back to Montana, to a ranch which ran for many acres along the boundary of a Blackfoot Indian reservation.

The boy grew up with horses. The stable was his nursery, and instead of fairy tales he drank in stories of great horses and their riders. Hardly was he out of diapers when he started riding himself, first on a gentle, retired stage horse and then on younger and more spirited animals, including the Indian ponies.

At eight the blond, blue-eyed boy was riding his father's quarter horses in races over makeshift courses, tied to the saddle by rawhide thongs. As he grew older he worked on ranches, in stables, occasionally riding. For the rest of his life he never stopped riding.

It was inevitable that he become a jockey, a status that he

achieved when he was fifteen. At that time, he weighed ninety pounds.

Over the greater part of his career he was accounted one of the world's best riders. To many turf followers he was without a peer.

Invariably, after he became a star rider, the turf writers would seek him out when he arrived from California each spring to ride on the circuit of major eastern tracks, what the racing people called the "Big Apple." Often one of the questions of the interviews was, "What was the greatest horse you ever rode?"

He tired in time of giving a direct reply and made a little game out of it. He'd say to his wife Genevieve, who always accompanied him on his trips, "What do you say, honey? You can read my mind."

The brown-haired girl would declare, like a child reciting for company, "Mr. George Woolf, the well-known jockey, has ridden more than 3500 horses. Some were great, some were good and some were bad. But in Mr. Woolf's opinion the grrrrreatest of them all was the 'Biscuit—Seabiscuit."

The little man in the big western hat and the cowboy boots would grin and say, "That's it, fellows. You heard the lady."

His tribute to Seabiscuit should have been unnecessary. How could any turf follower not remember that day at Pimlico when the little man rode forth on the little horse in the most famous match race in America? Seabiscuit against War Admiral.

The greatest race horse of his time, War Admiral was called, and the race followers of a continent who came to Baltimore for the match established the son of the immortal Man o' War a four-to-one favorite. He was the unbeaten

champion of the three-year-olds and the winner of the triple crown—the Belmont, the Preakness, and the Kentucky Derby. Only three times before had a horse achieved this.

And Seabiscuit? Although he had lost thirty races out of thirty-five as a two-year-old and fourteen out of twenty-three as a three-year-old, he had developed into a great racer, the holder of fourteen track records. But at five years old he was in middle age as race horses go. And always he ran under handicaps. His front knees were sprung, the left one quite badly, which gave him a splayed, duck-like style of running.

Once, with The Iceman riding him, he ruptured the suspensory muscle of his left leg (and a quick-witted news photographer obtained a famous picture showing the horse limping from the track, leaning on the cooperative shoulder of the little jockey). In most cases such an injury dictated the retirement of a race horse, but Seabiscuit came back.

Not the least of his handicaps was excess weight. The little horse loved eating so much that finally he was muzzled for twenty-two of the twenty-four hours each day. But still, particularly during enforced layoffs, he put on weight and had to be exercised wearing a rubber hood to sweat the fat off him.

Five times before the match race had been scheduled but always it had been canceled, twice because of injuries to Seabiscuit. And when the terms for the race on November 1, 1938, were agreed on by Samuel Riddle, owner of War Admiral, and Charles S. Howard, owner of Seabiscuit, they gave the Admiral what all race experts agreed was a huge advantage—almost an assurance of victory.

War Admiral was regarded as the fastest breaking horse in the world. And once he jumped out in front he almost in-

variably stayed there, a tireless locomotive of the track. Riddle insisted on and was granted a walk-up start. The getaway flag would fall only if the two horses approached the starting line nose and nose. Thus he made certain that War Admiral's jet-propelled breakaway could not be hampered by a fluke, such as might occur in a mechanical starting gate.

Seabiscuit, on the other hand, was only an indifferent starter. His forte was hanging on like a bulldog and driving through in the stretch.

All these facts were carefully calculated by the bettors, who ran up the odds against Seabiscuit. Strangely, few were swayed by the singularly appropriate experience of the 'Biscuit's rider, Georgie Woolf.

Few modern jockeys have had much experience with a walk-up start; it is used only infrequently today. But Woolf had had such experience—a great deal of it.

As a boy in Montana and Western Canada he had ridden quarter horses, the short, tough-muscled cowponies, in scores of races, always with a standing or walk-up start.

Often the races were held over narrow, winding paths and the horse which got off in front ran with a strong advantage. Thus the riders and their horses practiced starting for hour upon hour.

Woolf did the same with Seabiscuit. His wife Genevieve said, "Morning after morning George worked with the horse in walking up to the starting line and dashing off from there. In the match race a loud bell would be used to signal the start. To get Seabiscuit used to this George bought the largest alarm clock he could find and held it near the horse's ear in the approach to the starting line. As soon as Seabiscuit would touch the starting line George would set off the alarm."

The largest crowd to watch a horse race in Maryland sat tensely in the stands of the hilltop course as the two horses pranced out of the paddock on to the track.

Charlie Kurtsinger, a capable and methodical rider, was mounted on War Admiral. Before saddling up he told newsmen that he had never had to call on the champion for his best. "He's got a lot of speed he never showed," he said.

The big horse and the little horse minced up to the starting line, but a shade unevenly; and the starter, Marshall Cassidy, sent them back for another try. Again they approached the line, and Cassidy sent them back a second time. The crowd uttered a groan.

A third time they walked up to the line and then, the shriek of the turf—"They're off!"

The shriek turned instantly into a gasp of amazement. As the bell clanged Woolf's whip hit—once, twice, and a third time. It had never been used on the 'Biscuit before but Woolf, master horseman, felt it was judicious now.

The little horse running under the devil's red and white colors shot away like a bullet. Two bounds and he was in front. A dozen more and he was drawing away. The Iceman had done the impossible. He had beaten War Admiral away from the starting line.

Woolf's juvenile impishness leaped out at this point and, crouched low over his horse's poll, he twisted his neck and taunted Kurtsinger, "Didn't think I could do it, did you, Charlie?"

Never had a jockey given Seabiscuit a better ride. He drew half a length ahead and made it a full length as the horses passed the stands for the first time in the mile and three-sixteenths sprint.

Now the surprise lead won by Woolf paid dividends. War Admiral had started in the advantageous pole position. Woolf cut across, taking the rail as the horses entered the long straightaway, increasing his lead to two full lengths.

The horses swept around the clubhouse, The Iceman steadying the bay, content to hold his advantage. On the backstretch Kurtsinger made his bid, calling for the best he said War Admiral had never been required before to give. The Riddle horse responded and over the space of sixty yards he cut down the entire deficit.

"There he goes!" roared the fans. Now, they felt, War Admiral would take command.

Woolf, balanced above the postage-stamp saddle, looked over at Kurtsinger and grinned. "Get the whip ready, Charlie," he shouted above the pounding hoofs. "I'm going to make you run." He let the reins out a bit and Seabiscuit's ears flattened. Nose to nose the two horses swung around the far turn. Kurtsinger's black and yellow arm came down, flailing at War Admiral, but he couldn't draw away, couldn't gain another inch.

The horses turned for home and once more The Iceman spoke. "Good-bye, Charlie," he shouted. He didn't wait for a reply.

The little horse flew onward, opening up new distance between himself and the Admiral, a length, two lengths, three lengths—and crossed the finish line four lengths in front, setting a new track record.

Woolf brought the steaming Seabiscuit to the winner's circle as the crowd stood in a thunderous salute to a pair of sports immortals. Sportswriters pressed the jockey for a state-

ment, but he grinned and said, "We did our talking on the track."

Seabiscuit was oblivious to the acclaim. Calmly he reached around, seeking to nibble at the winner's wreath. He was hungry.

There were two things that Georgie Woolf feared, deep water and the hoot of an owl.

"As a boy in Montana," Genevieve explained, "he lived a great deal among the Blackfoot Indians. The Indian boys were his friends and he played, rode and hunted with them. One day an old Indian woman 'told his fortune,' looking deep into his eyes.

"She warned that his death would come by drowning or would otherwise be heralded by the hooting of an owl at night.

"Now George never went to school much. But he was intelligent and he read a great deal. Yet he strongly believed those two superstitions. I remember that sometimes during the night in our home at Arcadia, California, he'd hear an owl hooting. George would jump out of bed, take down a gun and go hunting the owl." She added, "I don't believe he ever shot one, though.

"As to water, he would never go a greater distance from shore than he could swim. Twice he was made rich offers to ride in England and France, but he turned them down. It would have meant crossing the ocean."

For twenty-five years he made obeisance to the two superstitions, but when misfortune overtook him it was without connection with the Indian prophecy.

It made its appearance in the fall of 1941 after he and

Genevieve had returned home to their ranch home in Arcadia following a successful season during which his horses won more than \$350,000 in prize money.

He began to feel unwell. He tired quickly, slept fitfully. He was losing weight. Although he drank vast quantities of water he was always thirsty. "I'm going to loaf, take it easy," he told Genevieve. He did, but the symptoms became aggravated.

Mrs. Woolf urged him to visit a doctor and he muttered that he would, "one of these days," but she knew from his tone that he had no intention of doing so.

He had never been ill and his experience with doctors was slight. In his mind they were fearfully associated with surgery and catastrophic illness. In the ranch country where he had lived as boy and youth, a doctor, usually summoned only in dire emergency, became the confirmation of disaster.

He went daily to the Santa Anita race track, three miles away, soon to open its racing season. But only infrequently did he get on a horse. Frank Sullivan, an ex-jockey who was his valet for twelve years, said, "He used to show up at the track, stretch out on a bench in the jockey room and say, 'I feel terrible, Sully. I'm worn out. And my eyes are bothering me.'"

He was seeing spots before his eyes and was plagued at times by double images in his vision. He returned home one afternoon white-faced and tense. "I almost got killed," he told his wife. "One of the exercise boys was galloping a horse and I walked across the track in front of him. I didn't see the horse and I would have been run down if the boy hadn't yelled.

"I don't know what's the matter with my eyes."

Mrs. Woolf picked up his Western hat from the sofa where he had flung it and handed it to him. "You can't put it off

any more, George," she said. "You've got to go to a doctor—and now."

She saw the momentary conflict in his eyes and then read with thankfulness the evidence of decision in the tightening of his jaw muscles. "Okay," he said. "I'm going."

He drove in his low red convertible to Arcadia's main street and parked before the office of a specialist in diseases of the eyes.

The physician examined his eyes, tested his vision and found no evidence of disease or malfunction. "Your eyes are excellent," he told the jockey. "I suspect that the trouble you are having with your eyes is a symptom of something else. How do you feel generally?"

The Iceman told of his constant tiredness, his great thirst, loss of weight, and the doctor questioned him further. "I think I know what your illness is," he said finally. "You ought to see your family physician, and I wouldn't delay."

Woolf mumbled his thanks and walked dejectedly from the office. For a long time he sat in the car at the curb in unhappy conflict. He was apprehensive about what a physical examination would show and yet he felt he couldn't continue feeling sick and wretched.

Finally he made up his mind. He pressed the starter button and eased the car into the traffic. Genevieve had been attended in a recent illness by Dr. William H. Heidenreich. He would see him.

It was early evening when the jockey returned home, and Genevieve caught her breath to hold back an exclamation of pity at the sick despair in his eyes. Wearily he lowered himself into an armchair, and his wife drew up an ottoman under his booted feet. She removed his hat, loosened his tie.

He smiled bitterly. "I've had my last ride, Genevieve," he said. "I can't ever ride again—I'm through."

She remained silent and he resumed. "I went to see an oculist. He said there was nothing wrong with my eyes, so I went over to Dr. Heidenreich's. He looked me over, tested my blood and water. He said I've got diabetes. That finishes me as a rider."

She said calmly, "I know people who have diabetes and get along all right, George. You'll be all right, too. You'll see. Didn't Dr. Heidenreich give you any medicine? What is it that they take, insulin?"

"Medicine," he snorted. "That isn't going to help. I'm not going to take it. He made out a diet for me and gave me a prescription for insulin and a needle and other stuff. You have to take it every day. Aw, what's the use. I'm finished."

She accepted the futility of seeking to reason in his disturbed state. "Why don't you lie down, George." She began to pull off his boots.

She went alone the next day to see the physician and told him, "My husband thinks he's finished as a jockey. He says he won't take the insulin. Funny," she mused, "he's got all the courage in the world but sickness has got him beat. He's like an Indian, fatalistic. I'm going to have to help him. Now what can I do?"

The physician said, "Diabetes, Mrs. Woolf, is a serious illness. But thousands of persons have learned to live comfortably with it through proper diet and use of insulin. I don't see why your husband shouldn't achieve this much at least. His sickness will be a handicap, but I think he will be able to return to riding after he has rested and gotten the diabetes

in hand. Now the first thing you must do is learn about diabetes."

Diabetes, he explained, is a disease of the pancreas, a gland located in the abdomen. The illness develops when the pancreas loses the power to secrete insulin which the body requires for the processing of food. With insulin lacking, much of the food is only partly processed, into sugar, instead of being utilized in the creation of tissues and a reserve of energy. As the sugar accumulates it reveals itself in the urine and bloodstream.

"Because the body is unable to process the food for use as new tissue and energy," he said, "the patient loses strength and weight, and he is always thirsty because the body demands water to dissolve the sugar.

"If the patient goes untreated," he warned, "there is serious danger of diabetic coma and even death.

"Now," he added briskly, "we want to do two things: get Mr. Woolf to take injections of insulin made from the pancreas of animals, and go on a diet which will be heavy on proteins and light on carbohydrates, which turn readily into sugar."

He showed Mrs. Woolf the needle and syringe used by diabetics. He demonstrated how to sterilize the instruments, how to measure the dose, and how to make the injection in a fold of loose skin which had been cleaned with alcohol.

Carrying the insulin and equipment she had purchased in a drug store, Mrs. Woolf returned home. Her husband was away, probably at the track. While Dr. Heidenreich's words were still fresh in her mind, she wrote them down and then turned to studying and experimenting with the syringe and

needle. She filled the syringe with water and went through the motions of making the injection.

But the pretense wasn't very satisfactory, she thought. Suddenly she arose, went to the refrigerator and took out a grapefruit. She spent the next hour, and an hour a day thereafter for a week, practicing on the grapefruit.

She formulated arguments to present to her husband when he came home to induce him to accept the medication, but they were never used. He returned from the track with abdominal pains, his breathing labored.

"I can't take this any more," he said. "Will you call the drug store and have them send over the stuff that the doctor told me to get?"

Genevieve held up for his inspection the newly-purchased kit. "I have it, George. Now take off your shirt. We'll start by injecting the insulin in your upper arm."

The wondrous secretion coursed through his body as he slept and when he awoke the next morning the pain was gone and his breathing was normal. Before breakfast he submitted willingly to another injection of insulin.

He spent three days in bed. Mrs. Woolf prepared his special meals and each morning she injected the insulin. Dr. Heidenreich came to the ranch to examine him, noted the sharp decline in the sugar content of his blood and urine and showed Mrs. Woolf how to do the simple urinary test herself.

On the fourth day the jockey got out of bed, dressed himself. The flesh had begun to return to his strong little frame. His eyes were clear. "I feel pretty good, honey," he said.

At the breakfast table she said, "You've had some phone calls in the past few days but I didn't want to bother you with

them. Two of them were from fellows who offered to bet a thousand or two thousand for you if you'd give them a good tip."

"You knew where to tell them to go?" he asked and she nodded. "I did exactly that.

"But there were three other calls," she said, "riding jobs. I told the trainers you weren't feeling well. I said you were laying off for a while and would call them later."

He said slowly, "Guess we'll have to tell them all that I'm hanging up my tack. I can't ride any more."

"George," she said earnestly, "you know that I'll go along with whatever you want to do. But this is bad. You're not being fair to yourself. Why, you're young. You're only 31. You're letting this thing lick you."

He unfolded the morning newspaper, raised it as a curtain between them. "I can't ride, Genevieve," he said. "I've got diabetes." Anger came into his voice. "You don't get over this. You always have it, as long as you live. How can I ride?"

During the next three weeks she made repeated appeals to his pride of courage and career and quoted medical opinion in an effort to arouse him to break the psychological bonds which held him rigid. And then, when she had exhausted all logic and argument, he himself inadvertently gave her a clue to another expedient.

Reading a racing newspaper, he said, "I see where Whitey bought a couple of horses. Haven't seen him in quite a while."

Her heart leaped from excitement. Here was the man to help George, the veteran trainer whom he loved and respected as a father.

With difficulty she contained her impatience until George

had left the house. Then she picked up the telephone and told the operator, "I want to call Mr. Lemuel T. Whitehill at Chula Vista . . ."

George was seventeen when his contract passed into the hands of Whitehill. Later, as the jockey began to show greatness, other trainers would ask Whitehill where and how he had found Woolf.

Always Whitehill would chuckle and say, "I found him in Vancouver and swapped a dead horse for him." It was quite true.

Woolf was riding in Vancouver for a trainer named Fred Johnson when Whitehill came there looking for promising horses. He found none but became impressed with the riding qualities, the perfectly proportioned body and the strong hands and shoulders of George Woolf.

Whitehill said, "When the race meeting at Vancouver came to an end I talked to Johnson and told him I would like to take the boy with me to California and start him off as a rider in the big time. I offered to go fifty-fifty in the boy's contract but Johnson said no, he'd rather sell him outright.

"Johnson wanted a horse, so I traded him a horse called Pickpocket for Woolf. Pickpocket was shipped to Winnipeg and died shortly after he was unloaded. It became a standing joke between George and me, that I got him for a dead horse."

The boy went to live in Chula Vista, in lower California near the Tiajuana race track, with Mr. and Mrs. Whitehill. Mrs. Whitehill mothered him, and she and her husband guided him through the problems and conflicts of youth. Whitehill, a stern taskmaster, rubbed smooth his riding technique, taught him physical conditioning and the practice

of studying without cease the form and habits of the horses he was scheduled to mount or to ride against.

He underwent a hazing in the hard world of the race track at Tiajuana, but his superb riding and his punishing fists soon won him respect. Temptations were laid before him but his personal integrity, supported by that of the Whitehills, was strong and he disdained them.

As a rider he progressed rapidly. "If ever there was a born horseman," said Whitehill, "Georgie was it. He had ridden since he was a baby and he had a knowledge and understanding of horses that was uncanny. Riding seemed to come to him naturally, and you had to tell him something only once."

He began to earn big money, \$10,000 a year, \$15,000 a year, \$20,000 a year. Later in one afternoon he earned \$10,840, ten per cent of the first prize money won by the imported steeple-chaser, Azucar, whom he piloted to victory against twelve-to-one odds in the Santa Anita Handicap.

The Whitehills taught him how to save his money, but in one matter they couldn't restrain him. He loved the trappings of the West and bought them lavishly—hats, silver ornaments, shirts, and boots.

He was nineteen when, still living at Chula Vista, he met Genevieve Braun. Genevieve, fifteen, was a sophomore in San Ysidra High School. Her parents were employed in a Mexican border resort hotel.

He introduced her to the Whitehills, who approved of the pretty, soft-spoken girl. They were married in her senior year in high school, just before he left for Chicago to ride. To her tearful plea to accompany him, to leave school, he answered, "You stay and get your diploma. One of us has got to be educated."

Shortly after his return from Chicago Whitehill called the jockey into the living room of his home and said, "Sit down, George. I have something important to talk to you about." He stood there for a moment, looking down at the rider, then said:

"Son, the —— stable wants to buy your contract from me. They're offering me \$20,000." The jockey started to rise and Whitehill said, "Wait a minute—hear me through." Woolf sank back in his chair and the trainer continued. "I want to take up the offer, for your sake. That outfit is one of the biggest in the East. They've got fine horses and you'll be able to make much more money with them than you can with me.

"George, I don't think I've ever given you bad advice before and I don't think I'm giving you bad advice now. Let's take up the offer."

Woolf arose now and paced the floor, his head down. He stopped and looked up at Whitehill. "No," he said. "No, nothing doing. I want to stay here with you. I'm satisfied. I like it this way."

He pointed a warning finger at Whitehill and the older man observed sympathetically that it was trembling, "Don't sell me," he said. "I won't report. I'll quit riding."

Whitehill asked softly, "You're sure, George? You're sure that's the way you want it?"

"I'm sure."

The trainer took a letter in an envelope out of his breast pocket and tore it into scraps. "Okay, George," he said. "That's the way it's going to be."

It was like tearing up \$20,000, but Whitehill said, "I never regretted it. That boy was one of the most loyal persons I ever

knew in racing. In time his contract with me expired but he continued to stay with me, without a contract, for more than five years. That was the way he wanted it."

Whitehill brought his string of horses to Santa Anita and he and Mrs. Woolf met in an Arcadia restaurant. She described in greater detail than she had over the telephone George's illness and his reaction to it.

"I've done everything I could," she finished unhappily. "Nothing helped. He says he's finished as a rider. I know that some day he'll hate himself if he doesn't go back to the track—at least to prove to himself that he can ride again. I don't care what he does after that."

"I've been thinking," the trainer said. "You've tried reasoning with him; it hasn't helped. Let's try something else. Let's somehow get him back to the track, back to horses. The fever of riding may take hold again."

Whitehill came to the Woolf home for dinner the following evening, ostensibly to visit the ailing jockey. He gave no evidence of surprise or opposition when Woolf repeated that he was retiring from racing.

"But what are you going to do, George?" he asked. "You're not going to cut away from horses altogether, are you?"

Woolf looked shocked. "Oh, no," he said. "I've thought about it. When I feel better, say, in a couple of months, I'll set up as a trainer, try to pick up a few horses."

"But what are you going to do in the meantime?" Whitehill snapped his fingers. "Say, why don't you come along with me, give me a lift with my horses? There's no money in it but it'll give you something to do until you're ready to start training horses."

The Iceman digested the offer for a moment, then extended his hand. "I'm your man, Whitey," he said.

What followed then was one of the most amazing episodes in sports. Woolf had been one of the most successful jockeys in racing. A much sought after free-lance rider, he had been paid a thousand dollar a month retaining fee by several stables just for first call on his services. In addition he had received ten per cent of the winnings of his horses and expenses.

Now he stepped down to the humble and obscure role of exercise boy, of stable helper, of "hot walker."

He rode Whitehill's horses in morning workouts. He "schooled" young horses and mature horses who needed refresher courses at the starting gate. He walked horses heated from a race or workout. He carried water and oats.

His companions in his chores were stable hands, youngsters aspiring to become jockeys or oldsters whose careers were long past. They were mystified at his new role, but he volunteered no information and they asked no questions.

The turf followers, the fans, were only slightly puzzled at his absence from racing. The Iceman, a man of great independence, had often laid off for weeks at a time. Only three or four persons, in addition to his wife, his doctor, and Whitehill, knew of his illness.

It was typical of the man that he never shirked his job, never complained of the humbleness of his tasks, never berated the fate which he felt had ended his riding career in the years of his prime.

He adhered rigidly to the diet prescribed by his physician and prepared by his wife. He had a particular fancy for one of the items of his diet—stewed tomatoes. "He could eat

stewed tomatoes like some people do candy," Genevieve said. "If I would give it to him, he would eat it morning, noon, and night."

He became one of the many thousands who bless the discovery of insulin, but Genevieve continued to administer it each morning. He preferred it that way.

Woolf never spoke of riding in competition. Never recalled in words his exploits of the past. Never voiced regret at the ending of his career. Whitehill, who understood him like a son, sensed that the constant silence was indicative of a deep pain, but for a while he was content to let matters continue as they were.

The new year came, 1942, and the racing season opened at Santa Anita. Whitehill horses were entered, but none was ridden by The Iceman. The jockey received numerous offers from other owners but he turned them all down, making no explanation. Genevieve and Whitehill noted with hope that Woolf had made no public announcement of retiring.

The Iceman worked at his menial tasks through January, through February, through March. Early in April Whitehill said to Mrs. Woolf, "I've been hoping that George would come out of it, would want to start riding. I think it's time we gave him a little push. I've got an idea."

He took a racing newspaper out of his back pocket, unfolded it and showed her the name of a horse, circled in pencil. "Remember Challedon?" he asked. "That's the horse I think we'll saddle up for Georgie."

"Sure," she said. "George won the Pimlico special on Challedon in 1940."

"Yeah," Whitehill said, "and the horse hasn't won a sweepstakes since. They'll love to get Georgie for him."

The next day the trainer telephoned Havre de Grace race track in Maryland and spoke at length with a fellow trainer, an old friend. He went then to the stable and found The Iceman crouched by a horse, attending to a bruised fetlock.

Whitehill went directly to the issue. "George," he said, "I just talked with Havre de Grace. The Brann stable is crazy to have you ride Challedon again—on the twenty-fifth."

The jockey drew himself erect. His face had gone white. "I can't, Whitey. I've got diabetes. I can't ride."

The trainer said, "I told them that . . ."

"You what?"

"Yeah, I told them you had diabetes and you felt you couldn't ride." He grinned. "Know what they said? 'We'd rather have The Iceman with diabetes than any other jockey without it. Just tell him to be here. We've got to have him.'"

The trainer said, "Think it over, George. Think it *all* over." He turned on his heel and walked away.

Whitehill was prepared to follow up his opening stroke with argument and even the deliverance of an edict backed by the authority which he knew invested his relationship with the younger man. Now, he felt, was the psychological moment to apply all pressure to jolt the jockey into movement. But there was nothing further for Whitehill to do.

Late that evening the trainer received a telephone call from Mrs. Woolf. "Whitey," she said elatedly, "George just called Havre de Grace. He's going to ride Challedon. We're packing."

The trainer put down the telephone receiver. "The little son of a gun," he said. "The little son of a gun."

The Iceman, always taciturn about his emotions, never

described to anyone, not even to his beloved Genevieve, the fight that he fought with himself that night.

George and Genevieve made the long cross-country trip by train in slow stages to conserve his strength. They arrived at Havre de Grace on a Monday. The race in which George was to ride, the Philadelphia Handicap, was scheduled for Saturday, the last day of the meeting.

They rented a bungalow near the track and Genevieve cooked for him, as at home. He was tired from the trip and he slept and rested a great deal. But he also went daily to the track to work out with Challedon, owned by William Brann.

So poorly was Challedon rated by the handicappers that, even though Woolf was to ride him, he went to the post with the odds sixteen to five against him. Favored were Mioland and Cape Cod.

Genevieve joined her voice with the voices of twenty-five thousand screaming fans as the horses surged out of the starting gate in the feature race of the day. A jumble of horses and color cannonballed out of the chute into the backstretch; and Cape Cod, ridden by Woolf's friend Nick Wall, pushed out in front. They sped along the back stretch, Cape God widening his lead and Mioland in second place.

Where was Challedon? Genevieve could not pick him out in the pack. The horses came around the far turn, spreading out. Now through her glasses she saw Challedon. He was last in the field of seven. She focussed on the rider. George was relaxed, his hands clenched on the reins.

The horses neared the homestretch. The positions were unchanged. First Cape Cod, ahead by a length, then Mioland trailed by four horses closely bunched, and bringing up the rear, Challedon.

They entered the homestretch and the crowd stood as one. Cape Cod was tiring and Mioland was coming up fast. Few noticed that Challedon was coming faster. Genevieve saw George's hands thrust out, loosening the reins. Then he began to use the whip. Suddenly Challedon was third and the three leaders were running neck and neck. Cape Cod faltered, dropped slightly back; and Challedon was second, inches behind the leader—but edging up. They flashed across the finish line and no human eye could name the winner.

The loud speakers blared that the announcement of the outcome would have to await the printing and examination of the automatic photo of the finish. And then it came over the amplifiers. "The winner of the Philadelphia Handicap is Challedon . . ."

Genevieve kissed her husband in the winner's circle, then kissed him again for the benefit of the photographers. He gave her a sly grin and whispered in her ear, "I'll put it up to you, Genevieve. Should I go back to work for Whitey or continue riding?"

He continued riding, of course. And such riding America had rarely seen. From Havre de Grace he went to nearby Bowie and rode Cape Cod to victory in the Bowie Handicap.

He mounted the great Whirlaway at Boston's Suffolk Downs and drove to victory and a prize of \$43,850 in the Massachusetts Handicap, breaking the world record for total winnings which had been held by Seabiscuit. He also rode "Mr. Longtail" to victory in the Brooklyn Handicap, the Narragansett Special, the Jockey Gold Cup, the Washington Handicap and the Pimlico Special.

Rationing his strength, he selected only the important races, the sweepstakes in the main, to ride in. Jockeys like Arcaro,

Atkinson or Johnny Longden rode close to a thousand races a year. Woolf rode only 263 times in 1942, but his horses came in first 56 times and on 142 occasions—54 per cent—they finished in the money: first, second or third. But this was only part of his achievement.

He won a total of 23 sweepstakes, leading all the jockeys in this category. Moreover, his total of sweepstakes prizes was \$341,680, the highest in racing. Arcaro was second on both counts.

But the most brilliant facet of Woolf's riding that year was this: Despite the facts that he didn't start riding until the year was one-fourth gone and that he rode far fewer times than any other front-rank jockey, he led all jockeys in total winnings with \$426,425.

The Iceman was acclaimed for his achievement, but few knew under what handicap it was done.

It is comparatively easy for a sufferer from diabetes who lives a sedentary life to administer to himself and prevent distressing symptoms. It is much more difficult for an athlete, a jockey.

Insulin reduces the sugar in the diabetic's body. The furious energy which the athlete-diabetic pours into competition does the same thing. Thus the athlete must strive to achieve a delicate balance of insulin and energy expenditure and do this on a basis of expectation. But it is almost impossible to foresee precisely, when he takes his insulin in the morning, the amount of energy he will expend during the day.

Woolf's activity fluctuated from peaks to plateaus to valleys. He might ride, travel, exercise a horse, or rest.

He went by a simple rule of thumb: a certain dose for days on which he expected to ride, and double that on days when

he planned to be idle. But the body reacts differently from day to day and, in addition, he could not predict accurately how active he would be.

In consequence he struggled some days, when his insulin intake proved insufficient, against the distressing diabetic symptoms. Other days he fought the equally painful symptoms of insulin shock, or reaction, when his medication proved to be overample.

Ed Christmas, a trainer and an old friend of The Iceman, said, "People didn't know how sick he was. Sometimes we'd drive out to the track in the early morning for a workout and he'd sit there with his head in his hands. I'd say, 'George, you all right?' He'd answer, 'Yeah, I'm all right. Don't worry.' His wife would bring him the insulin and he'd lie down for a while and sleep. Then in the afternoon he'd go out and ride like a demon."

Cassidy, the starter of the famous match race at Pimlico, said, "Often I saw Georgie Woolf on the verge of diabetic coma."

One of Woolf's worst attacks of insulin reaction came on the train as he was returning home from his successful 1942 campaign. It developed during the night, and Genevieve awoke to find him vomiting, sweating heavily, and trembling. She knew the antidote—sugar for the insulin to work on. She raced through the train, found a porter, and obtained several candy bars. Woolf munched them quickly and the symptoms disappeared.

The diabetes, however, had one beneficial result. Woolf was what is known as a "heavy jockey." Despite careful dieting and many hours spent in steam baths he found it almost impossible to reduce his weight below 115 pounds. Now, how-

ever, without steam baths or reducing diet his weight remained constant at 113 pounds.

He rode 190 times in 1943 and carried off prizes totaling \$271,924, but the next year he shot out again ahead of all the other riders with aggregate prizes of \$461,965. It was the best year he ever had.

He felt less well in 1945 and rode only 87 times. Still he won \$209,000 with his horses. "Next year we'll do much better," he vowed. He had no intention of retiring. To one turf writer he confided that he intended to ride until he was fifty.

The Woolfs spent the Christmas season at home. Then, on January 3, 1946, George drove with Genevieve to Santa Anita to ride "as a favor to a friend."

It was a cheap race, a \$3500 claiming race, and his horse, Please Me, was of small renown. But in this race Please Me made the headlines—he caused the death of The Iceman.

Running behind the field, fighting the bit, Please Me stumbled and flung his rider over his head and against the rail. Genevieve beat the track ambulance to the jockey. He was unconscious, with deep injuries in his head and face. He was removed to St. Luke's hospital and died the next morning, never regaining consciousness. Genevieve and Whitehill kept a vigil at his bedside until the end.

The people of racing mourned him deeply and at various tracks across the land ceremonies honoring his memory were held on January 7, the day of his funeral.

The Community Church in Arcadia could well have been hidden from sight by the mountain of floral tributes had not Mrs. Woolf diverted hundreds of these to hospitals and other institutions.

Later the turf writers started a movement to erect a bronze statue of The Iceman at Santa Anita and commissioned Hughlette Tex Wheeler, the cowboy sculptor, to execute the bronze. Then the writers asked for contributions. A number of owners offered each to defray the entire costs, but the writers ruled that no contribution could be larger than one dollar. They wanted the entire racing world to take part.

Then from every city and social level in America, from Europe, from Australia and from South America poured a stream of dollars, more than sufficient to pay all the costs. Months after the moving ceremony of the statue's unveiling—and this wasn't until 1949—the dollar bills were still arriving.

Lifesize, lifelike, in boots and silks, saddle draped over his left arm, The Iceman stands there now in the paddock garden, within sight and sound of the horses he loved.

He gazes musingly off across the banks of flowers at the statue of a horse—Seabiscuit, who followed him in death.

It is fitting that they stand there together, the little man and the little horse. They had much in common, greatness of achievement when the odds disdained them, rawhide courage—a pair who gave all they had and just a little more.

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John Hackett

JANUARY 23, 1930.

The massive chimney stacks breathed a steady flow of gray-black smoke. Tongues of flame leaped from the steel mills into the somber afternoon. Dirty, soot-coated locomotives bustled about in the maze of industrial tracks.

The shops in the narrow streets of the McKeesport retail business section were crowded, and the clanging, creaking trolley cars added steadily to the throngs engaged in shopping.

The economic paralysis which had started two months before in Wall Street had not yet spread to the steel centers, nor was its seriousness yet generally appreciated.

The mills were operating. As many men as wanted jobs could find them. McKeesport, Pennsylvania, which called itself the Tube City of America, was content, the people were cheerful.

But in the Christy Park section of McKeesport the wife of a steelworker wept. Nancy Hackett gazed tenderly at the tiny, wrinkled face of the baby at her side and said, "The poor, dear little baby. His dear little foot. His dear little foot."

It had been an uncomplicated birth, some eight hours before. But, as the doctor held the tiny boy up by his ankles to stimulate breathing and the first outcry, he noticed the talipes—the clubfoot. The doll-size left foot bulged, clublike, and bent inward.

Ross Hackett, who had been present during the birth in the bedroom of his home, noticed the deformity at the same time and whispered agitatedly, "Look at the baby's foot, doctor. What's the matter with it?" As the doctor explained, Hackett caught his breath and shot an anxious look at his wife.

The doctor, who caught the look, added gently, "These things happen, unfortunately. Medical science has no defense against it. But you can tell Mrs. Hackett that much is possible today with corrective measures. I suggest that soon you take the baby to a specialist, an orthopedic surgeon, and he'll treat the foot. Things will turn out all right, I'm sure."

In the days that followed Mrs. Hackett's grief gradually was displaced by an iron determination that she and her husband should make every sacrifice to obtain the best medical aid for the baby. If it lay within her power, little John Hackett would, in time, run and play like other boys.

Early in March, John, bundled in blankets against the piercing wind, was taken by his parents to the office of an orthopedist in McKeesport. On this first visit the doctor examined the baby's foot and then X-rayed it. On the next visit he placed the foot and the leg in a cast which extended up to the baby's knee.

The cast, the doctor told the anxious parents, would function as a mold which he hoped would shape little Jack's foot toward normal as it grew. The baby was seven weeks old at the time.

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The visit to the doctor's office and the beginning of treatment had made Mrs. Hackett more optimistic. "I did not dream," she said, "that Jack would be seeing doctors for his foot for fourteen years."

Four times the cast was renewed. But there was no apparent improvement of the clubfoot.

In no other way, however, did the baby ail; quite the contrary. He was alert and healthy. At six months he was crawling, a wobbly, uneven kind of crawling because of the cast.

Almost immediately, or so it seemed to the Hacketts, he was standing, gripping the edge of a chair for support.

"At eight and a half months," Mrs. Hackett said, "Jack was walking. He toddled about in the parlor, leaning a little to one side because the cast raised his left foot higher than his right."

He was an enterprising, energetic youngster, although smallish, like his mother and father.

A score of times each day Mrs. Hackett's heart leaped in sudden fright as she saw him clamber onto a table or jump from the arm rest of a living room chair. "It seemed," she said, "that if I turned my head for a second he was doing something dangerous. He just didn't have any fear."

The months passed. The treatments continued. There was no improvement. The Hacketts tried other doctors in McKeesport and in Pittsburgh. Their small savings were used up, and they practiced innumerable economies.

Then Ross Hackett lost his job along with thousands of other steelworkers as the great depression closed mills, mines, and factories.

"Things really became tough then," he recalled. "You couldn't get a job anywhere. You couldn't get any help, any

relief even." He shook his head grimly at the recollection. "Things were rough all right. The mills were closed for three years."

The Hacketts no longer could afford the services of a physician in private practice, but Mrs. Hackett refused to give up. Friends suggested she take the baby to the West Penn Hospital Dispensary in Pittsburgh where "you paid what you could afford." She acted on the suggestion and began taking the baby to the Dispensary, a half-day journey by trolley car. Often, after her arrival, she had to wait more than an hour before her turn came. Widespread unemployment had vastly increased the demands on the services of the Dispensary.

For three years Mrs. Hackett took her boy to the Dispensary for treatment. Sometimes, when a little money came into the household, she would seek the services of a specialist whom friends and neighbors had lauded. One such specialist recommended a simple surgical procedure, the cutting of a ligament. He likened it to the cutting of a bowstring and said that as the bow usually straightened so might the foot.

Their hopes high, the Hacketts gave their consent. But three months after the operation they realized that the improvement would be no more than slight. Jack, who was then two and a half years old, still limped on his left foot.

Treatment at the Dispensary continued.

Jack Hackett began playing with other boys. He limped about in the boys' games whether his leg was in a cast or free of it. "Even when the weather was bad," Mrs. Hackett said, "he insisted on going out to play. If there was snow on the ground we'd put a rubber shoe or an overshoe on his foot with the cast and he'd get out in the yard with the others.

We didn't like it, we were fearful, but we couldn't keep him in."

Jack was five or six when Ross Hackett initiated him into the game of baseball. The elder Hackett was a star outfielder in the semiprofessional game in McKeesport, whose fans called him "Poss" Hackett.

"The name 'Poss,' " Hackett said, "came from the word possum. They called me that because I was a slick outfielder—slick like a possum. But," he added regretfully, "I wasn't very much of a hitter. If I could have hit I wouldn't have spent all these years in a steel mill."

Jack went with his father to the games on weekends, sat on the bench with his father's team. But, strangely, he never acquired much interest in baseball, unlike the boys of his neighborhood.

To Hackett this lack of interest was disappointing, but not to Mrs. Hackett. She feared that he might later want to take part in sports and suffer an injury. Her relief, however, was premature.

On the Christmas before Jack's seventh birthday his father gave him a gift of a cheap rubber football, "the kind they make for little boys."

"It became his most precious toy," Ross Hackett said. "He played with it all the time. He took it to bed with him each night and it seemed that it was the first thing he reached for each morning."

Soon the Hacketts noticed that each day during the months of football activity the boy retrieved the sports section of the newspaper after his father had finished with it, then cut out the pictures of football stars, teams, and coaches. These he

pasted up in a scrapbook, a scrapbook which became thicker as the months passed and was succeeded in time by a second, a third, and a fourth volume.

As his ability to read improved he devoured the newspaper accounts of football games and the activities of the various teams and individual stars.

During the football season most newspapers depict diagrams of formations and plays favored by leading coaches or used with outstanding success during important games. When he was nine, Jack was also cutting out these diagrams and adding them to his scrapbooks. More, he was studying the diagrams, absorbing their meaning.

His original rubber football had been succeeded by a real pigskin ball, and this became even more precious and got more use than the old one.

Football was his passion.

With chalk he traced a target on the fence outside the Hackett home and he would stand by the hour throwing forward passes at it, imaginary tacklers roaring down on him, the imaginary cheers of imaginary crowds ringing in his ears. Most boys would have found the exercise monotonous, but not Jack. His mother had to call repeatedly to get him to come in for his supper.

When he had developed the accuracy of a skilled rifleman he made the exercise more complicated and difficult. He would run backward with the ball, pretending he had taken it from between the legs of a center, then whirl and pass at the target.

He spent years at it, practicing for accuracy, for deception, for speed, for distance. He practiced other mechanics of football. From pictures in the newspapers and magazines he

learned the most efficient ways of passing, kicking, holding the ball while running.

The yard became too small for him and he left it in favor of the street. He ran with the ball to practice "cutting," the art of swiveling away from opposing tacklers, withholding execution of the change of direction to the last possible fraction of a second to feint a would-be tackler into committing himself.

Adult neighbors saw the boy in his lonesome practice and smiled sympathetically, thinking of the limp which they felt sure barred him from participation in real competition.

But Jack was playing real football, too. He played in the primitive neighborhood games, at first unknown to Mrs. Hackett and then to her consternation. Often the boys, fearful that he might injure his defective left leg, or because of his small size, refused to let him play. Yet he preferred to play with the older boys. They played a more mature game which appealed to him.

The instances of rejection must have been painful to Jack Hackett, but he never talked about them at home. However, he was always conscious of his left foot and his left leg, thinner and shorter than his right. In the summer some of the boys went swimming in the polluted Monongahela River, greenish from the heavy content of sulphur discharged by the mills. But Jack, although he sometimes accompanied them, would never strip and go into the water. He feared that strangers would stare at his leg.

No such feeling inhibited him in football. He was utterly fearless, and often, his mother said, he would return home from the neighborhood games with cuts and bruises.

Once, when he was twelve, his parents noticed that in going about the house Jack was walking with exaggerated care like

an enfeebled oldster. Mrs. Hackett asked concernedly, "Is anything bothering you, Jack? Does your leg hurt?"

"I'm all right," he answered gruffly. "Don't worry about me. I'm all right."

But when the Hacketts noticed Jack's grimace of pain on seating himself at the table or when his back brushed against a wall they insisted he go to a doctor. The doctor found that a pelvic bone had been broken, and then Jack admitted he had been kicked during a football game.

The injury was corrected in a minor surgical operation and a few weeks later Jack returned to football. By this time his mother wearily acknowledged the futility of attempting to dam his passion for the game.

The next year, when Jack was thirteen, the doctor learned that he was again playing football and sternly warned against it. "A boy with your leg difficulty shouldn't be playing such a dangerous game," he said. "You can be badly hurt. Your leg isn't as strong as the other boys' legs."

Jack heard him without comment and then returned home to get in two hours of practice with his football before the supper hour.

Football was with him a twelve-months-a-year game. When spring came and the other boys took up baseball Jack played with his football, practicing and experimenting. He even began to invent plays, seeking to vary and improve the diagrams in his large collection.

In his room, decorated with pictures of football stars from the University of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Tech, he would pretend to direct a team as its quarterback, calling signals and instructions—his hands, meanwhile, playing with his football.

Until now his love of football had been expressed largely

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in fantasy, in solitary practice, or among a group of neighborhood lads who regarded the little fellow as by no means outstanding. There then began a new stage in the life of Jack Hackett. He enrolled at McKeesport High School and despite his handicap and his small size he went out for the freshman football team.

It was a warm afternoon in October of 1944. Head Coach Harold Weigle was directing his McKeesport High School varsity team in a signal drill when a voice behind him said, "Stop for a minute, Harold, will you. I want you to see something."

Weigle turned. The speaker was Bill Clees, physical education teacher and coach of the freshman football team.

Weigle said, "I was a little annoyed. We had a green, inexperienced team that year and they needed a lot of work. And on this day things were going badly, the boys were fumbling all over the place and missing signals.

"I said, 'What is it, Bill? Is it important—can't it wait?'

"Clees smiled. 'I want you to come over to the other field to see the freshmen,' he said. 'I promise you, you won't be sorry.'"

Weigle continued, "I turned the team over to my assistant and we walked over to where the freshmen were practicing. There were about forty boys kicking footballs, running, and throwing passes to each other. Clees left me on the sideline and went on to where one of the freshmen, a little guy, was standing. Clees talked to him for a few seconds. Then Clees rejoined me and said with a smile, 'Now watch. I want you to watch this kid.'

"The freshman collected a half-dozen loose balls and

dropped them at his feet. Then he picked up one ball and drew back his right arm. He threw—in an easy, graceful motion without strain—and the ball sped through the air straight and hard for fully half the length of the field.

"He didn't even glance at us. He picked up another ball, fired it and it fell near the first one. Then he threw the four other balls the same way.

"I got pretty excited. I'd never seen anybody throw a football better than this kid. 'The boy's terrific,' I said to Clees, who was grinning. 'What else can he do?'

"Clees said, 'That's what I'm going to find out. But I'm willing to bet we've got ourselves a real football player.' Then Clees shouted, 'All right, Hackett, that's all,' and the boy ran off to join the other freshmen. It was then that I noticed for the first time that he limped."

Jack Hackett, given the opportunity, the encouragement, soon showed the coaches what he could do.

He was triply handicapped: a clubfoot, an impaired left leg an inch and a half shorter than his right, and his small size. As a freshman he weighed 110 pounds.

They play rugged, bone-crushing football in the high schools of Pennsylvania's mine and mill regions, and they produce excellent football players. For evidence examine in any year the line-ups of the star college teams of the East, Mid-West and South and note the number of players who come from Pennsylvania.

Jack Hackett, the smallest member of the freshman squad, wearing a specially built-up shoe, became a candidate for the quarterback post. Before the freshmen played a single game he had nailed down the job for himself.

Weigle said, "The other kids out for quarterback were big-

ger, and they were pretty good, but the little guy was a mile ahead of them. He threw passes like bullets fired from a gun. He ran the team like a veteran. He was a good kicker, and he could run the ball amazingly well."

The freshmen won their first eight games and lost their last two. But the losses came when Hackett was no longer with the freshmen.

With two games still to be played by the varsity, which had been plodding through a mediocre season, Weigle promoted the bantam quarterback to the varsity squad.

It had never happened before at McKeesport High School that a freshman was named to the varsity squad and, at least during the next ten years, it never happened again.

Hackett saw only fragmentary action in the two last games, and the season came to an end. Weigle did not expect to encounter the freshman again, except for a school corridor meeting, until the fall of 1945; but when he called out the candidates for the track team in the spring there was Hackett among them.

"I was somewhat surprised," the coach said, "but I didn't feel it was my business to say anything to him. I figured that he came out for track because he knew I like to have my football men take part in the sport because it helped their football, and because he wanted to improve in football. I had no idea that he would be of any use to the track team.

"But, boy, how he surprised us."

The school rules declared that a track athlete could compete in up to three events. Jack Hackett decided on the maximum. He chose the javelin throw, the high jump, and the running broad jump. He became an immediate point winner for McKeesport.

"Some of the boys, seeing him run, called him 'Step-and-a-half,'" Weigle recalled. The name seemed descriptive of his stride. But it didn't last long in the face of the track team's admiration for his determination, skill and achievement.

"Despite his leg," Weigle said, "he was amazingly fast. By the time he was a senior there were no more than two fellows faster, although Jack did not compete in the sprints."

Before his graduation Hackett established school records in all three events he had chosen. And he didn't compete in his senior year when, normally, he would have improved on his records with the aid of greater strength and experience.

His records were 20 feet, 3 inches for the running broad jump; 5 feet, 10 inches for the running high jump; 172 feet for the javelin. Ten years later his record for the javelin was still standing.

"He was amazing," Weigle said. "With the exception of the sprints, where his handicap counted most heavily, I think he could have won any event he wanted to take up. He was a one-man track team. Take the shot-put. That's an event that is dominated by the heavyweights. Yet I'm sure that Jack Hackett could have been an outstanding shot-putter if he had wanted to take it up. Why? Because he was a fellow with a terrific competitive heart. I never saw anyone who wanted so badly to win, who tried so hard. Every competition was a challenge and he responded with everything in him.

"There's his record for the javelin—172 feet. That's a magnificent throw for a high school boy. But I've actually seen Jack Hackett throw the javelin 190 feet in practice. Such a throw would have won most intercollegiate contests. I'm sure that if he had competed as a senior he'd have thrown the javelin 200 feet."

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Olympic ribbons have been won with javelin throws of 200 feet.

Hackett became the first-string quarterback of the 1945 McKeesport varsity football team, a rare achievement for a sophomore in that school. The team was more experienced than the 1944 group, and Weigle had good hopes for it. He built an offensive around his slight quarterback and an end with a glue-fingered ability for catching passes.

The team went through the season with a record of seven victories and three defeats; and Hackett, its star, was selected as the all-district quarterback. "Poss" Hackett attended every game, rooting proudly for his son, but nothing could induce Mrs. Hackett to see a game in which Jack was a player.

Jack's success did not cause him any complacency. That winter he visited the gym of the McKeesport Y.M.C.A. almost every afternoon to work on the weights to strengthen his back, his shoulders, and his arms.

"The little guy lived football 365 days of the year," Weigle said. "I never saw anyone like him. Once he was sick for a couple of days and I went to his home to visit him. I found him in bed. He was holding a football, tossing it and catching it. He just loved the feel of the ball.

"During the football season he'd come often into my office in the locker room to talk to me about some matter. As soon as he came in he'd reach out, unconsciously it seemed, and take a football from the top of my desk; and while we talked he'd play with the ball, rub it, grip it, squeeze it against his chest, pretend he was going to throw it. It never failed to happen."

One day during football practice in Jack's junior year Weigle glanced idly at his legs. He noted with surprise that

the left leg had developed, become more like the right. Then he realized that Hackett had been limping much less than he used to. Sports was doing for the boy what medicine had found beyond its powers.

Jack Hackett developed into a fierce tackler and in recognition of this he became known as "Crash" Hackett. But it was as a passer and ball carrier that he was most dangerous.

Opposing coaches impressed upon their players, "Watch Hackett. He's slippery. Don't let him get started; don't let him get set for a pass. Hit him low and hit him hard." The players followed instructions, often with an excess of zeal inspired by the heat of competition.

Weigle said, "Increasingly the other teams 'played' Hackett. The line would tear in to hit him before he could pick out a receiver for a pass or before he could get started on a run. Often he'd be tackled and slammed to the ground after he'd thrown a pass or when he didn't even have the ball.

"He never complained, not even to me. He'd pick himself off the ground without a word and trot to his position. He was already thinking of a weakness he had spotted in the opposing team, of a player out of position. He was plotting the next play, even inventing one to provide for a special situation, and he didn't have time to complain."

During Hackett's junior year the McKeesport Tigers won eight games and lost two, the losses coming while Hackett was out of action with a sprained ankle, his right. Although Mrs. Hackett awaited each Saturday game with fear, Jack never injured his weaker left leg during his playing career.

Weigle surveyed his team's prospects in the 1947 season, when Hackett was a senior, with high hopes. He said, "We lost three good players by graduation but I figured we'd be

good. I expected a lot from Hackett especially and, boy, how that kid delivered."

McKeesport that year completed an all-victorious season.

At the season's end the sports writers of Pennsylvania balloted on an all-state team and when the results were made public Jack Hackett was its quarterback. In addition, the sports writers named him as the "outstanding back" of their all-star team.

The boy who used to spend hours in fantasies in which he was a football star was now a star in reality, with a reputation that went beyond the boundaries of the state. It reached, in fact, into the athletic departments of numerous colleges.

As a senior he weighed only 135 pounds. Yet he was besieged by college football scouts with offers of athletic scholarships. Mrs. Hackett placed the total number at twenty-seven.

While Hackett was pondering the offers, McKeesport was invited, as an outstanding Northern team, to play Miami High School in Miami's Orange Bowl on Christmas night.

Twenty-seven thousand fans saw the game in the big concrete stadium, saw McKeesport trounced, 34 to 14, by the Miami Stingarees and their star back, Jim "Crazy Legs" Dooley.

Despite his team's defeat, the game brought Hackett a personal benefit—another college offer. Jack Harding, coach of the University of Miami, saw the little fellow in action and was sufficiently impressed to urge him to enroll at Miami on an athletic scholarship. Harding took Hackett on a tour of the school, the athletic plant, and the beautiful Miami shore. Hackett said he'd think it over and returned home.

As the winter drew to a close he wrote to Harding accepting the offer of the University of Miami.

For Jack Hackett the summer of 1948 was like awakening from a delightful dream and finding the reality even more gratifying. For years he had yearned for college stardom, identifying himself with the players in football armor whose pictures bulged his scrapbooks. Soon his own pictures would be pasted in the stiff leaves of the books.

But he faced huge odds. When he entered college he weighed only 135 pounds and his top weight was to be no more than 142. In a day of multi-platoon power football the lightweight player is rare. In the ranks of the top football powers he is almost unknown. But of course lack of weight wasn't Hackett's only handicap; there was also his leg.

And when he reported for the freshman team he was confronted with an additional obstacle which he hadn't foreseen. Harding had retired as Miami football coach and the new mentor, Andy Gustafson, lacked Harding's enthusiasm over Jack's prowess. "Too small" was his judgment.

The freshman team, which included a large quota of former high and preparatory school stars, numbered Jim Dooley among its members; and Gustafson directed that the former Miami schoolboy be groomed as a quarterback.

The freshmen swept through their schedule undefeated, Hackett seeing only occasional action. Despite the team's record, the Miami football brain trust felt that Dooley, although a fine football player, lacked something as a quarterback.

The next year with the varsity Dooley was shifted to a half-back post, but Hackett was still not given the quarterback berth. It went to a bigger, more powerful lad named Jack Del Bello. As a sophomore, Hackett rode the bench through the

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first three games of the season, which the Miami Hurricanes won.

Still Gustafson wasn't satisfied. The team seemed to lack something; it wasn't delivering its full potential. There was an absence of fire and drive. Then came the game with a favored Purdue team.

Purdue scored early in the game and kicked the point after touchdown to make it 7 to 0. Thereafter, throughout the first half, Purdue's line was like a stone wall, impenetrable by the Miami backfield.

In the dressing room between the halves Gustafson curtly called attention to Miami's errors and failure to capitalize on opportunities and then as time neared for the kickoff he announced, "Hackett, go in at quarter for Del Bello."

The coach saw a different Miami team in the second half with Hackett calling signals. He inspired the team to superior, alert play. He took chances, sagely directed his offensive at the Boilermaker weaknesses. He threw seven complete passes for a total gain of 90 yards.

Miami was unable to score, but dominated the play in the second half. Despite the defeat, Gustafson congratulated himself; he had found his quarterback. Hackett became a fixture at the post for the remainder of his college career.

He became a hero of the Southern sports writers who named him "Jack the Giant Killer" and "The Mighty Mouse," and the fans roared with delight as he cut down opposing players nearly twice his weight.

As a junior he gave his finest performance in Pitt Stadium against the University of Pittsburgh, and it was said that fully half the crowd of forty thousand had come from McKeesport

CHAMPIONS BY SETBACK

to see Jack Hackett. Twenty-six times he aimed passes at his backs or ends and nineteen times he was successful. Two of the passes went for touchdowns and Hackett scored a third touchdown on a quarterback sneak. Miami downed Pittsburgh, 28 to 0.

A short time later he suffered a broken left shoulder playing against Georgetown. He sat out the second half of the season and then returned for brief action against Clemson in the Orange Bowl on New Year's Day. Clemson won, 15 to 14, but Hackett fired two passes which resulted in his team's two touchdowns.

With Hackett as its field general, Miami was again outstanding in his senior year and once more was invited to play Clemson in a postseason game, in the Gator Bowl, on New Year's Day, 1952. Miami got its revenge this time and Hackett and Dooley were the chief architects of the 14 to 0 victory.

The Clemson game, three weeks before Hackett's twenty-second birthday, closed his college career, a career which accurately mirrored the one which a little boy had lived in day-dreams years before as his parents took him from doctor to doctor in search of a cure for lameness.

Miami University will never forget "Jack the Giant Killer." During his three years on the varsity, despite the fact that he played only half-seasons as a sophomore and junior, he set an all-time Miami passing record of 114 completions. But to describe his worth adequately one needs a larger yardstick than this.

Gustafson said of Jack Hackett:

"He could do anything and do it well. He was the perfect leader, a master in directing a team. All the other players believed in him, never questioned his instructions. He was dar-

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ing and imaginative. He knew how to improvise for special situations. I flatter myself that I taught Jack Hackett some football but I confess humbly that I also learned from him.

"If this kid had had as much weight as he had guts and determination he'd go down as one of the greatest players in football history."

Hackett, on completing his studies at Miami, decided to become an athletic coach; and Gustafson, who well appreciated his knowledge of football, gave him his first job as an assistant coach.

Hackett said of his sports career:

"A long time ago I stopped thinking about my leg. The way I felt was this: I was going to make myself do everything that any of the other fellows could do. When you try hard enough it seems simple."

THE GOLDEN BOY OF TENNIS

Hamilton Richardson

HAMILTON RICHARDSON is his name and, naturally, he is called Ham.

The nickname is affectionate, slips easily from the tongue, and fits snugly into a newspaper headline. But it isn't appropriate.

This tennis champion should have been dubbed with a nickname suggestive of courage and determination, something associated with uphill struggle and his mastery of a grave ailment which is his constant companion.

Ham! It just isn't right. But it has happened before in sports. Didn't they call the greatest slugger in baseball history Babe—Babe Ruth?

At first Ham didn't care much for tennis. Baseball and football were his first loves. But as a youngster he learned to play tennis a bit. Given the atmosphere of the Richardson household in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, it would have been strange otherwise.

His father, Dr. Roger Richardson, Sr., associate director of

the laboratory of an oil refining firm, had begun playing tennis as a child, starred at Louisiana State University, and continued to enjoy the game in the years which followed.

Mrs. Richardson did not play herself but her love of tennis was as strong. She went often from Baton Rouge to New Orleans when the stars of the court came there to play. Roger, Jr., the Richardsons' eldest son, was as enthusiastic about the game as his mother and dad.

To Ham, Roger was the admired big brother, whose attitudes and behavior approached perfection. But in one thing Ham refused to emulate the older boy, despite Roger's urgings—his concentration on tennis. However, that was before May of 1946.

Roger was fifteen and almost as tall as his six-foot father. Ham was then twelve and a little fellow. Dr. and Mrs. Richardson, appreciative of Roger's developing promise as a player, had arranged for James Bateman, a leading southern professional tennis coach, to come from New Orleans to Baton Rouge to instruct the boy for a month.

Mrs. Richardson drove Roger and Ham to the red asphalt courts of Louisiana State University, introduced them to the stocky, heavily-built Bateman. She lingered only long enough to see the instruction of Roger get started and then drove off to do the family marketing.

Ham had no strong interest in the coaching, but he liked to tag along with Roger whenever his brother was doing something unusual. To see Roger perform for Bateman he had skipped baseball practice at Louisiana State University Junior High School.

Ham lolled in back of the court and retrieved balls while the thirty-five-year-old Bateman bore down vigorously to give

Roger's game a thorough testing. The boy's ceaseless pursuit of the coach's steaming shots under a warm sun soon left Roger panting and perspiring. Bateman suggested a rest and Roger eagerly agreed.

Bateman beckoned to Ham and the younger boy approached. "Do you play?" Bateman asked. Ham answered, "Yes, sir, a little," and Bateman urged, "Come on then. Let's volley a bit."

Ham took up the station vacated by Roger and Bateman drove the ball to him across the net. The leggy youngster met it with his racket, firing it back. After some ten minutes of spirited volleying Ham gave indications of wanting to stop, but Bateman said heartily, "Let's keep going a while longer. You're doing fine." They played for ten minutes more and then the coach called on Roger to take over.

Roger's lesson finished, Mrs. Richardson arrived to take the boys home. While they were collecting sweaters and equipment she asked Bateman, "How did it go? How was the lesson?"

Bateman replied, "For a first hour it went fine. I was able to analyze Roger's game and see where it needed improving."

He wiped his face with a handkerchief. "Mrs. Richardson, I think you've got a very promising young player in the family."

Mrs. Richardson smiled happily. "Oh, I'm so glad. I—"

"Yes, Mrs. Richardson. I think he's the best natural young player I ever saw. . . . I'm talking about the younger boy, Hamilton."

He grinned at her look of pleased surprise. "I don't intend to deprecate Roger. He's good, all right. But the youngster shows tremendous promise. I've never seen a boy with a better

backhand. I'd love to give him lessons along with Roger."

At dinner that night Dr. and Mrs. Richardson sat down for a talk with Hamilton. Mrs. Richardson told him of Bateman's enthusiasm over his "great promise," and she and her husband urged him to put himself under the coach's guidance for the month Bateman would be in Baton Rouge.

Ham said he would think it over and the next evening he told his parents he had decided to give up baseball for a month in order to be coached by Bateman.

For a month then, six days a week, Bateman taught Ham the complex science of tennis: grip, forehand, backhand, the various strokes, the serve, position play and something about strategy. Occasionally he pitted Roger against Ham while he criticized and coached both boys but the older and more experienced Roger always won easily.

Before leaving Baton Rouge Bateman told Mrs. Richardson that he was pleased with the progress both boys had made and that Ham's performance was on a level with his original high expectations.

"He did something much more than teach Ham tennis," Dr. Richardson said. "Bateman was a man of great enthusiasm for the game and he managed to infuse Ham with this. After a few days with Bateman Ham went eagerly to the lessons, and well before the coach left Ham was convinced that this was the game he wanted to play more than any other."

Following Bateman's departure the boys played together for two weeks and then Ham got his first taste of organized competitive tennis. Dr. Richardson drove Roger and Ham to Clinton, South Carolina, for the Southern Boys Tennis Championships.

At Clinton circumstances threw two strikes against Ham.

Still two months short of his thirteenth birthday, he was entered in the boys' division with an age limit of fifteen years. And in addition he was matched in the opening round against the first-seeded player. The latter beat him, 7-5, 6-4.

A few weeks later the three Richardsons drove to the Cotton States Tournament at Sylacauga, Alabama, and there Ham advanced to the second round where he was stopped by a boy named Alan Wickersham. Then Ham and Wickersham, who were later to star together at Tulane University, teamed for the doubles.

They were halted only in the final, and came close to winning with the aid of a stratagem. Playing at night under inadequate lighting, they discovered that if they hit the ball high in the air, beyond the range of light cast by a string of bulbs, their superior opponents couldn't get set for return shots. Thus they held their own for four hours; but then they tired, abandoned their trick playing, and quickly lost the match set.

Ham, with a how-long-has-this-been-going-on zest, played a lot more tennis before the 1946 season came to a close.

He astonished his parents by asking permission—and funds—to travel with two older boys to Chicago to play in the River Forest Tournament. Granted both requests, he traveled 1000 miles by train—the first time he had been away from home overnight alone—and defeated four opponents in qualifying rounds. He was beaten only in the final of the boys' division.

As a finalist he won the first trophy of his career, an imitation silver figure of a tennis player standing "label high to a ketchup bottle." The trophy was given a place of honor in the large comfortable Richardson home.

From Chicago Ham went with his two older companions

THE GOLDEN BOY OF TENNIS

to Detroit, taking a liberal interpretation of his parents permission to embrace the Western Tournament at the Cranbrook School. There the age limit of the boys' division was fifteen years, and Ham was defeated in the first round.

From talk among the boys at the Cranbrook School Ham learned that the next major tournament was the National Junior and Boys Championships at Kalamazoo, Michigan. Once more he decided to become a contestant, but three obstacles had to be overcome: parental permission, which he felt now had to be renewed; funds; and qualification.

He attacked the obstacle of qualification first. To be eligible for the national tournament a player had to win or reach the final of a so-called "tennis center" or authorized regional competition. Ham, an infant in experience, had done neither.

He wasn't daunted. Learning that an official of the national tournament, Allen B. Stowe, a professor at Kalamazoo College, was attending the competition at Detroit to plan the seeding of players for the tournament at Kalamazoo, Ham appealed to him for conditional approval of his entry, based on the possibility that a properly qualified entrant might not appear or might become ill.

Professor Stowe, moved and amused by the ingenious appeal, gave his approval. A few hours later Dr. and Mrs. Richardson received a telegram from Ham reading:

WISH TO ENTER NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS IN KALAMAZOO STOP
HAVE OFFICIAL APPROVAL STOP WISH YOUR PERMISSION STOP
PLEASE SEND MONEY STOP LOVE STOP PLEASE DONT FORGET MONEY

In Baton Rouge Dr. and Mrs. Richardson took family counsel and then replied to Ham:

OKAY GO KALAMAZOO STOP TAKE CARE YOURSELF AND BEST
LUCK STOP SENDING MONEY STOP LOVE STOP SENDING MONEY

Ham's gamble paid off. There was an opening at Kalamazoo and he was permitted to play. He drew a bye in the first round but was defeated in the second.

His reception at home couldn't have been a heartier one if he had won the title.

At Sunday breakfast a few days before Ham's thirteenth birthday on August 24, Dr. Richardson challenged him to a match, promising him a \$25 defense bond if he won. They went to the University courts and Dr. Richardson beat the 5 foot 3 inch, 100-pound boy. He said, "It was the last time I was able to beat him, however."

Enabled by the warm climate of Louisiana to practice almost continually, Ham's progress over the next two years was swift.

He waged a successful campaign in the summer of 1947 and at its climax reached the quarter-final in the boys' division, with an age limit of fifteen years, of the National Junior and Boys Championships at Kalamazoo. As part of that campaign the sandy-haired Hamilton entered the junior division of the Louisiana State Championships at Alexandria and won through to the final against seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds. The other finalist was his brother Roger.

Ham was thirteen years old, in the ninth grade. Roger, seventeen and weighing 180 pounds, was a senior at Baton Rouge High School and the captain of its tennis team.

With Mrs. Richardson cheering impartially for both boys, Ham and Roger played under a blazing sun that drove the temperature up to 106 degrees and turned the cement court furnace hot. And the slight Hamilton beat his older brother, 13-11, 6-1.

In the winter of 1947-1948, Dr. and Mrs. Richardson ob-

tained for Ham the coaching services of Emmett Pare, mentor of the Tulane University tennis team and a former ace player. But Ham had to travel to New Orleans for the coaching. Thus every Saturday morning he arose at five o'clock, caught a six o'clock bus and rode eighty miles to New Orleans, where he stayed at the home of an aunt. On Saturday and Sunday Pare gave him lessons, advancing the instruction started by Bateman.

Ham went through seven warm-up tournaments without defeat the next summer and then entered the National Championships at Kalamazoo. He emerged with the championship, as the best boy tennis player in the land.

Mrs. Richardson kissed him. Dr. Richardson wrung his hand and Roger pounded his back. The future gleamed with promise. His slender body gave no outward sign of the dangerous disease which soon was to strike him down.

In the first week of May, 1949, following a winter of practice and coaching from Pare, he went to Nashville, Tennessee, for the Southern Interscholastic Championships.

He had been feeling unwell for two or three weeks, but with a boy's disdain for illness he didn't mention it at home and refused to permit it to interfere with his schedule. And then the sickness overtook him.

"At first," Ham said, "I just felt terrible. I felt tired and worn out. There was no pain. I just felt completely wretched. Then it became worse.

"At Vanderbilt I was a guest of the DKE fraternity and stayed at their house. It was very hot in Nashville and the fraternity brothers and I slept on the roof. That is, I tried to sleep and couldn't.

"I was always terribly thirsty. I had never had such a thirst.

Repeatedly during the night I'd go down the stairs in my pajamas and gulp water, glassful after glassful. But it didn't seem to help. A short time later I'd be burning up with thirst again.

"I didn't go on the scales, but I knew I was losing weight, a lot of weight. My clothes hung on me. Although I ate like a horse I was always hungry. I just about staggered on to the train for home."

Dr. Richardson, taking up the account, added, "Mrs. Richardson and I gasped when he walked into the house. He looked like a ghost of himself. And so thin. We checked him on the scales. His normal weight had been 145 pounds. Now he was down to 128. Our boy was obviously sick. We were afraid, Mrs. Richardson and I, that he had contracted tuberculosis. That's all we could think of, TB.

But X-rays of his chest proved negative.

The doctor concluded that Ham had just grown too fast—was suffering from growing pains. She prescribed rest and lots of good wholesome food.

Their minds lightened by the doctor's assurance that there was nothing seriously wrong with their son, Dr. and Mrs. Richardson put into effect a regimen of rest and food. But his condition became worse.

Ham ate avidly and drank prodigious quantities of water, and his steps were burdened by lethargy. He fought it courageously. He persisted in visiting the tennis courts at LSU but was unable to practice for long. After the practice equivalent of a single set he became bathed in sweat and trembled with such a fatigue as he had never known. His weight dropped further, to 122 pounds. Ham was obviously very ill.

Dr. and Mrs. Richardson took him to another doctor, a

specialist in internal medicine. Over a two-day period he subjected Ham to various tests, including those of the blood and urine. Blood and urine showed a high sugar content, evidence of diabetes. The doctor suggested that Ham enter a hospital without delay.

Ham said, "I didn't know anything about diabetes except that I thought it was something dreadful. I began to worry about how it would affect my playing tennis so I asked the doctor if it would be all right if I played later, after I was feeling better. He answered, 'No. Tennis is out. You have a serious illness and you'll have to limit yourself to mild exercises. No more strenuous games. You'll simply have to accept the fact that you won't be able to do all the things that other boys do. You'll have to watch yourself carefully.'"

Ham added, "I didn't say anything. I couldn't argue with him, a doctor. But I made up my mind that I wasn't going to accept his judgment of my future without a fight. Besides, I had read somewhere that Billy Talbert was a diabetic and yet was one of the country's best tennis players. I thought: if he can do it, why can't I?"

The hospital was to do two things: keep Ham in bed while restoring his lost weight and strength, and carry out delicate tests to determine a precise formula of medication and diet to enable him to live with the incurable disease which before the discovery of insulin carried—for its child victims especially—a sentence of suffering and death.

The doctor would prescribe for Ham one day a diet adding up to 2000 calories preceded, before breakfast, by an injection of ten units of insulin. Then his urine and blood would be tested for evidence of sugar, and if this was present to a significant degree the doctor would order a change in the diet, an

increase in the dosage of insulin, or both. This shifting in the balance of diet and medication went on daily.

One day a nurse brought Ham his own personal insulin kit, a syringe, a needle with a mechanical trigger which automatically fixed the extent of the plunge into the flesh, a bottle of alcohol, and a supply of insulin. He was taught how to clean the needle in the alcohol, then dab the alcohol on a small area of skin on his thigh before injecting the needle into the fatty tissue. The kit was never to leave him for the rest of his life.

"I used to wince at first," Ham said, "but actually it didn't hurt—except when the needle went into an earlier unhealed hole."

At the end of two weeks Ham went home. Diet, medication, and rest were doing their work.

The lost flesh began to return to his frame and a bit of color to his face. His weariness slowly dropped away, and he clamored for physical action but was forced to settle for the feeble possibilities of a wall target and a set of darts.

Dr. and Mrs. Richardson were heartened now for the first time, but as they watched him they noticed that Ham had changed. He laughed and joked as often as before his illness, yet there was a new seriousness in him. He seemed more humble, yet more assured, more determined. He seemed to have grown in a way beyond measure of mechanical devices. These new things, these new qualities deepened as the weeks passed.

Several years later Ham explained it thus:

"Getting seriously sick and going to a hospital represented an upheaval in my life. It wasn't easy to get used to, the idea

that anything I did henceforth, for the rest of my life, would have to be done despite the diabetes.

"For the first time I thought about life and its values. I didn't label them as values but that was the idea.

"I guess you could say I matured.

"I decided then that I wanted to get the maximum out of life, in school, in work later, in my relationships with people, and in tennis.

"It was then, in the hospital, that I determined that one day I was going to be national tennis champion."

When his mother visited him the next day he surprised her by asking for his textbooks and portable typewriter, and he began to study intensively for the final examinations of his sophomore high school year.

Prior to that he had been a fair student, but in the examinations he received all A's and became the third ranking student in Louisiana State University High School.

Cary Richardson, speaking of the change in her son, said:

"It wasn't anything complicated. Everything had always come easily to Hamilton—friends, good grades, athletic honors—he was the star of the baseball and basketball teams from the time he was ten years old and he had been playing both games for years. I don't honestly know how he would have turned out if the diabetes hadn't struck when it did. He has been a much more serious, hard-working, and conscientious student ever since—not that he's lost any of his natural gaiety or good humor. He hasn't.

"But there has been an underlying determination and sense of purpose that simply wasn't there before."

Aided by the insulin and a carefully prepared diet, Ham's

improvement became more rapid. His appetite was prodigious. Dr. Richardson recalled with a smile, "One of the things which Ham was permitted to eat in almost unlimited quantities was fresh vegetable salad. I remember coming home one afternoon and seeing Ham dig into a giant salad which overflowed a large wooden bowl. The ingredients comprised six large tomatoes and two heads of lettuce."

Although still wan and below his normal weight, Ham began practicing tennis once more. Lacking a partner, he batted the ball against the forewall of the LSU handball court and ran up and down the alleys to improve his wind and stamina. He tired easily and then when he rested it took a long time for the elasticity to return to his muscles and for his heart to stop pounding, but he persisted.

On the second week of practice he found a partner, a good one, Billy McGee, ranked twenty-first in national tennis, who had only recently moved to Baton Rouge. Ham sought McGee out and pleaded with him to practice daily. McGee protested that he couldn't because he had a job which he worked at every day. Finally McGee agreed to play, but at six-thirty each morning.

Thereafter Ham, convalescing from the onslaught of a serious illness, arose each morning at five-thirty, took his insulin, ate breakfast, and rushed to the tennis courts to meet McGee at six-thirty and play until eight.

After two weeks of practice Ham decided that he wanted to test himself in competition, and he forwarded his entry for the Eastern Junior and Boys Championships at Forest Hills, New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Richardson conferred worriedly over whether to approve of Ham's step. But he stubbornly insisted that he

felt considerably better, and parental permission was given. However, Mrs. Richardson accompanied Ham to New York to look after him.

Although a month short of his sixteenth birthday, Ham entered in the junior ranks. Playing against the older, stronger, and more experienced boys, he quickly found that he had overestimated the extent of his recovery. After a difficult match his arms and legs trembled from weakness, his vision became dim and he gasped for breath from what diabetes specialists call "air hunger."

But he fought tenaciously. His service, usually amazingly hard and swift for his years, was under strength; but he volleyed and played the net with a bulldog determination and crisp accuracy which wore down his stronger opponents and carried him through qualifying rounds to the final. There, however, he dropped a hard-fought match to Dick Squires of Bronxville, New York, 7-5, 6-4, 6-4.

Such was Ham's determination that he wasn't content with a runner-up position in his first tournament—and in a higher division, too—following his illness. He yielded nothing to his illness and entered the doubles competition, teamed with Allen Fischl. They emerged with the championship.

A short time later he suffered another setback. Ham was losing weight again after his initial weight gain. And sugar was once more strongly in evidence in his blood and urine.

He was in a state which could have led him quickly down the slide to a diabetic coma. To build up a large reserve of energy needed for tennis he had been eating more heavily. But his body, lacking the natural output of insulin, couldn't process the added food—particularly the carbohydrates—which was consumed only to the stage of fatty acids. These

acids are poisonous and in accumulating cause the dangerous condition known as acidosis or diabetic coma. Before the discovery of insulin, 61 per cent of all persons who lapsed into diabetic coma died.

"In effect," said Dr. Richardson, "Ham was also being starved to death. The ten units of insulin which he was taking were not enough to process the foods required for nourishment and the high energy requirements of an athlete."

Ham pursued further the lesson that all diabetics must learn and act on for survival: "know thyself." He increased his intake of insulin, experimented, observed his reactions, tested himself, read about diabetes. It was a process which never stopped.

He acquired in time a doctor's knowledge of the disease and more, for no doctor occupied with many patients could possibly have duplicated Ham's understanding of the numerous and subtle effects of diabetes upon himself and his responses to varied combinations of treatment months in experimentation.

Ham's self-therapy was far more complicated than the average diabetic's. For one thing, he was a growing boy, lacking the body stabilization which maturity usually brings. His body was ceaselessly changing and a combination of diet and insulin and exercise which was in balance one month often became unbalanced the next, enough to make him unwell. For a second, he was an athlete, engaged in a strenuous sport and ready to pour out on demand of the competitive occasion a huge reserve of strength and energy.

Moreover, Ham's needs of energy changed sharply from day to day—from a day on which he was engaged in intense and often drawn-out competition to a day on which he went

to school, rode on a train to a tournament, or practiced—paralleling an imaginary line which rose to high peaks and dipped into valleys.

How difficult to anticipate through insulin intake the varied needs! He had encountered at Forest Hills the early symptoms threatening diabetic coma, but he found the other side of the coin equally baleful. Insulin reduced the sugar content of the blood; but strenuous exercise performed the same task. Thus the insulin, lacking sugar on which to work, created a state of shock—insulin reaction.

It was a short time after the tournament at Forest Hills that Ham first suffered the symptoms of insulin reaction which, unlike diabetic coma which develops over a period of days, often manifests itself quickly—in minutes. He took an increased dose of insulin on a day of prolonged practice, and he began to sweat and tremble; double images appeared before his eyes, and he felt weak and faint. He recognized the symptoms immediately and he knew the specific treatment. Quickly he chewed sugar cubes and drank cokes in which sugar had been dissolved. His blood sugar content raised, the symptoms cleared up.

Later, in traveling about to tournaments, Ham made known his illness to Billy Talbert, who gave him many tips on how to manage the illness while playing tennis.

Three weeks after returning from New York, Ham felt he was ready to resume competition. He entered the Western Junior and Boys Championships at Kalamazoo. Here Ham demonstrated how, despite the setback of his illness, he had grown as a tennis player.

Although seeded eleventh, Ham won four qualifying rounds before encountering defeat in the quarter-final at the

hands of first-seeded Gil Bogley, the National Junior Champion.

So impressive was his showing that he went on to the National Junior and Boys Championships in Kalamazoo the following week—a much more important tournament which attracted the best young players from throughout the United States. There Ham advanced all the way to the final of the junior division before he was halted by the six-foot Bogley.

As a finalist Ham returned home from Kalamazoo to find himself one of Baton Rouge's most prominent citizens, applauded in the press and radio. But few knew yet of the heavy handicap he carried with him to the tennis court.

Consider now the full measure of his achievements. A year before, while still fourteen, he had won the National Boys' Championship. Now, in 1949, he stepped up to the junior division—with an age limit of eighteen—and was runner-up to the defending titleholder, doing this a few weeks after he was stricken with an illness of such a serious and impairing nature as to prompt a medical specialist to warn him against continuing in tennis competition.

In 1950 Ham established himself as a player without a peer in junior tennis. He won the National Interscholastic Championship, the National Junior Indoor Championship and the National Junior Outdoor Championship. At sixteen he was the youngest junior outdoor titleholder in the history of American tennis. He was, moreover, a player to be reckoned with in men's competition. The tennis fathers ranked him twenty-eighth in the land.

The tennis experts predicted that some day he would take his place as one of the greatest stars in the world. James Bishop, chairman of the Davis Cup Selection Committee,

told reporters after watching Ham win the National Junior Championship at Kalamazoo, "That boy is the best tennis prospect in a quarter of a century."

At no time, despite the exacting demands of tournament tennis, did Ham neglect his studies or regard them indifferently. To the contrary, he maintained a consistent A average, and it was this high scholarship which influenced his teachers at University High School to grant him brief leaves for tennis.

To his fellow students he was a modest, unassuming boy with widespread interests and understandings, one who shared their pleasures and their vexations.

Despite the fullness of his schedule, Ham also found time to give tennis lessons to his eleven-year-old brother Tommy who aspired to follow in his footsteps, to attend parties in Baton Rouge and date what he termed the "usual number" of girls.

Fame came to him early but it did nothing to spoil a pleasant and honest young man who loved tennis dearly and yet appreciated that its role was quite minor in a complex and troubled society.

His tennis prowess in time brought him a corollary fame. It had become generally known that he was a sufferer from diabetes, and the American Diabetic Association appealed to him to go on tour and give radio talks to hearten and teach others seeking to control the illness. Ham agreed and went on tour with Billy Talbert. They gave tennis exhibitions and related their experiences with diabetes; they spoke on radio and television and before public gatherings.

At the end of 1950 the Association recognized the two tennis players as having "done the most for diabetics during the year."

Thereafter the tours became an annual event which the Association said "aided thousands."

Ham lost no time in opening his 1951 campaign, going into action at the turn of the year. It was a brilliant start, an augury of the successes to come and yet another biting reminder of his handicap. It had, too, an element of humor.

He was invited to play in the annual Sugar Bowl tournament in New Orleans and in the final the seventeen-year-old star faced the South American champion, Ricardo Balbiers of Chile, ranked nineteenth in the United States.

The deciding match was scheduled to start at noon, but a half hour before that rain began to fall and the match was delayed. A short time later the rain stopped and Richardson and Balbiers opened their contest, played for twenty minutes, and then were forced, by a resumption of the rain, to halt a second time. They started once more and again were compelled to stop.

The start-and-stop play went on for more than two and a half hours while Ham, aided by Dr. Richardson, struggled against the symptoms of insulin reaction.

Each time that play was interrupted Dr. Richardson took advantage of the respite to rush Ham a glass of coke with sugar, which Ham gulped eagerly as a specific against the insulin.

The first time that Dr. Richardson ran over to the court, carefully balancing the glass of brown liquid, the crowd watched with only casual interest.

When a second interruption came Dr. Richardson made another rush delivery, and the crowd watched him with heightened interest.

When a third interruption occurred the crowd anticipated

Dr. Richardson's dash and a raucous-voiced wag shouted, "Bring him the Hadacol," and a cascade of laughter poured down from the stands at the reference to a patent medicine of Louisiana origin.

Thereafter, as soon as rain began to fall and an interruption in play seemed imminent a large number among the on-lookers took up the chant, "Bring him the Hadacol. Bring him the Hadacol."

In time the match came to an end, and Ham, who had been fighting the symptoms of insulin reaction, was posted as the winner—the youngest in the history of the tournament.

In June, Ham and Mrs. Richardson, youthful-looking despite the touches of gray in her hair, journeyed to England for the world-famous tennis tournament at Wimbledon. Two things made the trip possible: the Baton Rouge Chamber of Commerce gave Ham \$1000 as expenses, and he received a 98 average in his final high school exams which induced his teachers to permit him to leave before school closing.

Mother and son saw the sights of historic London, and then Ham began play on the carefully nurtured grass courts which are used only some twelve days each year, for the tournament whose winner is acclaimed as the world champion.

Ham won an easy first-round victory at Wimbledon and then was pitted against Budge Patty, the defending champion.

Patty, an odds-on favorite, easily won the first set, 6-4, but Ham evened the match with a victory in the second set, 6-3. The dark-haired world champion regained the lead with a third set victory, 6-4, but Ham drew up even again, winning the prolonged fourth set, 10-8.

They had begun playing before a sparse crowd in the center court, the majority of the 15,000 fans at Wimbledon having

gone to other courts which they felt gave promise of stiffer competition than the seventeen-year-old schoolboy could offer the veteran Patty. But now the word spread that Patty was fighting for survival, and the fans swarmed in from other courts.

They fought evenly in the match set, engaging in tense volleying duels which brought the crowd to the edge of hysteria. Then, with the score 4-4, painful leg cramps slowed down the challenger.

Repeatedly Ham paused to massage his leg and thigh, but he grimly continued to play, drawing heavily on his blazing service. He drew ahead to a lead of five games to four.

Then the cramps disappeared, freeing him for a completely mobile game. He turned back Patty's furious offensive with a machine-like backhand and won the match set, 6-4, leaping over the net to shake the hand of Patty who had fallen in attempting to play Ham's last ball and lay exhausted on the court.

His victory was magnificent, but it carried with it another satisfaction, a deeper one.

There descended on mother and son at their London hotel, and later at Baton Rouge, a flood of letters from diabetics and from parents of diabetic children expressing great gratitude for the inspiration given them by the seventeen-year-old diabetic from Louisiana.

One man wrote "Master Hamilton Richardson" from St. Leonards on Sea, Sussex:

"Dear Sir:

"Just a line to say how thrilled I felt when I read of your fine win.

THE GOLDEN BOY OF TENNIS

"I have had diabetes now for six years and six months and when I first had it people said you will not be able to work again and will not live long and all that rot. Well, I have a small news agent's shop and start work at 5:45 a.m. and finish at 7:30 p.m. every day, so you can understand my joy to read about you. I wish you all the luck in your future games, and go on showing people that us diabetics are not all cracks as some people try to make us be.

"I have two small daughters and I shall take it as a great kindness if you would send them your autograph."

A letter to Mrs. Richardson from a mother in Kingston Vale, South Wales, read:

"Dear Mrs. Richardson:

"I am writing to say how pleased I am to see your son was so brilliant at Wimbledon. When I read he was a diabetic, I was very interested in him. My little girl is a diabetic also, so it does help to find what can be achieved with such a handicap.

"Nita is now 7½ years. She went that way when she was 3 years old. So now I have been giving her insulin injections every morning for 4½ years. She does not take kindly to it.

"If your son's ears burn every morning it will be me saying to Nita, 'That young man has a nasty prick every morning and he is a tennis star.'"

Another mother enclosed a snapshot of a handsome chubby three-year-old youngster in a letter to Ham from Woodthorpe, Nottingham. She wrote:

"Dear Ham:

"I am the mother of a little boy suffering from diabetes, and I have watched with great interest your wonderful performances at Wimbledon. You have played magnificently and I offer you my sincere congratulations.

"Often, when I look at my little Robert, I have wondered sadly how much his illness would affect him and whether he would ever be able to do all the things boys and men love to do. After watching your tennis I feel so much better. I know that he will be able to be the same as all the other boys and I do not fear for his future any more.

"I enclose a picture of Robert. He was diabetic from the age of two years.

"You will leave behind in England one grateful mother, and a sad heart made happy. I shall look forward to seeing you at Wimbledon next year, and to the day when you will be the champion."

The letters never ceased coming, in care of a tennis club where Ham happened to be playing or to the Richardson home in Baton Rouge, from sick persons acknowledging a debt of inspiration, from parents of ill children, from school-boys and schoolgirls seeking advice in combating the disease.

Mrs. Richardson said, "We get them all the time—in floods after he's won some important match and been in the public eye, in trickles at other times. I answer them all, usually send an autographed photograph and a reprint of an article (about his diabetes and tennis) which came out in the American Diabetic Journal."

The bright, promising road stretched on for Hamilton Richardson, taking him to greater successes, greater rewards, and constant satisfactions.

In America a tennis player is regarded as having reached the top when he is named among the first ten in the rankings of the United States Lawn Tennis Association. It is the equivalent of a football player being named All-American—if only a first team were selected.

At the end of 1951 Ham was ranked ninth, a jump in one year from twenty-eighth place. When the 1952 rankings were announced early in 1953 Ham was in seventh position. But he was only nineteen and the greatness of maturity still lay ahead.

For 1952 Ham and Bob Perry of Los Angeles were ranked as the country's sixth best doubles team, and Ham and silver-haired Dr. Richardson were designated the fifth best father and son doubles team.

Ham's name flashed into the sports headlines from the world's tennis centers—Forest Hills, Melbourne, London, Southampton, Newport, Los Angeles, Longwood. The gleaming array of trophies in the Richardson home grew larger and larger.

He was named to the Davis Cup team and represented the United States in competition against the world's greatest stars. The most famous names of tennis, the aristocracy of the sport, toppled before his cannonball serve.

Once Ham said, "I made up my mind that some day I was going to be national tennis champion" and each year he moved closer to the goal.

He entered Tulane, whose coach, Emmett Pare, had long been giving him instructions. As in high school, he ranked each year among the top in his class.

Each day he fought his fight against diabetes. Dr. Richardson said, "We know it impaired his tennis, but it is usually impossible to determine just how much.

"There is no doubt that many balls which got by Ham by a hair might have been returned if the diabetes or the insulin hadn't impaired his skill by a tiny margin or fatigued him by an imperceptible degree beyond what would have been normal. In various matches had he salvaged a point here and a point there it would have made all the difference in the world in the outcome."

Ham just shrugs. "I refuse to let it worry me. I just go out and do my best."

CHAMPION IN THE DARKNESS

Charles A. Boswell

CAPTAIN BOSWELL caressed the roughened steel side of the Sherman tank and despite his great weariness he chuckled. "I hope you've got one more safe ride left," he said. "Just one more mile."

Then he shrugged. "Well, what are we waiting for? It's a beautiful day. Let's go. Next stop, Lindern."

The three officers and four tankmen squeezed through the hatch, and the tank lumbered off across a field. Hitched to it by chain was a trailer piled high with ammunition and medical supplies.

The day before, November 29, 1944, the seven men had fought with their regiment in a slow, costly advance against the German foe dug in in Lindern. Then at night, with the town held only precariously by the badly mauled regiment, they had returned in the tank to Gereonsweiler as volunteers to bring up critically needed supplies.

The last leg of the mission was never completed. About five hundred yards from Gereonsweiler the tank came under fire

of German snipers armed with rifles and bazookas, a shell hit the tread, and the heavy accumulation of grease and oil began to burn.

The tank commander flung up the hatch and shouted, "Everybody out—run!" He wiggled through the opening, leaped to the ground, and sped away from the German gunners in a zig-zag course.

Two more officers followed and then it was the turn of the tank gunner, a boy of about eighteen. He had gotten his head and shoulders through the hatch when he was hit in the chest. He fell back against Boswell, next in line to escape.

The two hundred pound Boswell seized the boy and heaved him up and through the hatch to the ground. Then Boswell clambered up himself, gripped the rim of the hatch with his powerful hands, and twisted his body around to the outside of the tank.

Another blink of an eyelash and he would have jumped to the ground. But it wasn't granted to him.

Perhaps the fire reached the tank's gasoline supply. Or a shell hit the mound of ammunition in the trailer. Tank and trailer exploded in a thunderous burst of flame and sound.

The commander of tank company and Lieutenant Joseph Valencourt of Boswell's infantry company, watching through field glasses from Gereonsweiler, saw the explosion and when the flames had died and the dust and smoke cleared away they picked out Boswell's twisted and inert body some 20 yards from the blackened hulk.

The tank officer muttered to Valencourt, "That big football player has had it—he's dead." Valencourt anxiously studied the form of his captain for a moment longer. "I'm

afraid you're right," he said. They hurried off to make their report.

Boswell lay there in the field through the day, and that night Sergeants Frank Soliwoda and Chris Martin drove in a jeep without lights from Gereonsweiler to bring back what had been described to them as a lifeless body.

Soliwoda, at the wheel, heard Martin move in the darkness in a search for the body and then his cry, "He's alive! I can feel his heart beat." Soliwoda flung himself from the jeep and the two sergeants carried Boswell to the vehicle and sped with him to a clearing station in Gereonsweiler as fast as the shell-pocked terrain and the darkness would permit.

They washed away the crusted blood and hardened mud and examined the unconscious man. Steel had penetrated his head, face and chest, and he had been badly burned, too. A doctor said tersely, "Got to get this man to a hospital—and quick." A half hour later an ambulance was speeding Captain Charles A. Boswell to the army hospital at Helene in Holland.

First he knew the pain, pervasive, throbbing. Then his dim consciousness heeded the great weariness and sick weakness. It must be night.

He moved his head a bit, seeking some vestige of light, and moaned at the knife-stabs of pain caused by the exertion.

Strange. The night was so black, so solid. A thought crossed his mind, whipping up a little wind of fear. No! No—it couldn't be that! If he could only think, clear the fog from his brain. Where was he? What had happened? He could make no contact with memory. How his head throbbed.

He tried to lift his hand, but it seemed heavily weighed down and imprisoned. Finally he freed it from the blanket

and guided it tremblingly to his face, held it before his eyes. He couldn't see his hand in the darkness. He moved his hand closer, touched soft fabric. It covered his eyes, his nose, his chin . . .

Bandages! He knew it now. His face and head were wrapped in bandages, like a mummy. His eyes! He couldn't see!

Panic possessed him and he struggled to fling himself free of this nightmare, to rip the bandages from his eyes, to cry out for help. But he was too feeble for movement, and the desperate cry rose from the hospital pillow as a thin rasp.

A nurse came quickly and her presence, affirming that human help was at hand, and the comfort of her voice, gave him support against the wild panic. She was joined by a doctor with a hearty voice who spoke cheerful clichés while he examined the wounded man. Boswell felt the mad pounding of his heart subside.

The nurse held a water glass up to the mouth slit in the bandages and prompted, "Drink this, Captain." He sipped the sweetish liquid and soon dropped off to sleep, the agonizing question of his sight unanswered.

The second awakening was worse. He was a little stronger; his mind was better able to sustain a thought, more sensitive to fear. Why couldn't he see? Was it merely the bandages? Or was he blind? He must know.

His hands groped for the bandages, for an edge to grip. He tried to loosen the bandages but his hands, inept as a baby's, slipped feebly off. It was such an effort to hold them up. They were so heavy. He let his hands fall limp and began to sob.

"It was the worst hour of my life," he said later. "I was sick, in pain, and full of fear. Like every soldier, I had often thought

I might be killed, might lose an arm or leg. But to be blinded—I had never thought of that. Now I could think of nothing but my eyes, my eyes, my eyes.

"I felt helpless and alone and I wanted to cry out. Then I heard a man's voice say, 'Maybe it isn't so bad, Charles. The doctors are optimistic. Why not give them a chance?'

"My bed creaked as he sat down on it near me. He took my hand in his and said, 'This is the hand that used to throw a football so well. I know all about you, Charlie Boswell.' Then he told me he was Morris Goldfine, a Jewish chaplain from Philadelphia. He talked to me, for about an hour he talked to me. I don't remember much of what he said, but I can't ever forget the love and comfort in his voice. It was like letting sunshine into that hospital ward. To me then there was nothing more beautiful than sunshine."

From the chaplain he learned the date—December 4. He had been unconscious for four days. But weeks elapsed before he learned how he had been wounded, about the blowing up of the tank and trailer and the deaths of the two crewmen in the Sherman. He never discovered, however, the fate of the wounded gunner whom he had catapulted through the tank hatch ahead of him.

The day following the chaplain's first visit a doctor told Boswell something about the nature of his wounds. Fragments of steel, the doctor said, had caused multiple wounds of the face, head, chest, and eyes. The force of the explosion also had driven sand into his eyes. The wounds, the doctor added, were serious but it was hoped that sight could be saved in both eyes.

The doctor's words gave him hope. Medical science was at work for him. In the days that followed he submitted eagerly

to two operations for the removal of tiny swords of steel and hard grains of sand from his eyes.

He invested great expectations in the surgery; and then, when he still was unable to perceive an improvement, even a touch of gray in the thick blackness, discouragement and fear returned. He tried hard to force his mind away from the bleak contemplation of blindness. He told himself there was hope; the doctors said so. They wouldn't be planning additional surgery otherwise.

His emotion and will thus in conflict, he was transferred in mid-December to the army general hospital in Liege, Belgium, one day before the Germans hurled themselves and their armor against the Americans, British, and Free French in the treacherous and desperate Ardennes offensive.

Soon those engines of indiscriminate murder, huge buzz bombs launched many miles away, began falling in the streets of Liege and the wounded in the hospital learned to listen with dread for the ominous sound of the motors and the even more ominous sudden silence which came when the bombs lost their forward motion and began to plunge earthward.

Boswell in his dark isolation suffered more than most from the torment of fear. Without sight he felt defenseless. He strained his hearing to the utmost in an effort to determine the proximity of each flying bomb. One bomb did hit the hospital and a surgeon who operated on him was wounded, but this happened after he had been transferred once more. Day and night the bombs fell, and Boswell couldn't have slept without sedation.

They operated on his eyes again in Liege and then once more, removing from his eyes, with amazingly delicate in-

struments, more slivers of steel. Each time that he was prepared for surgery he felt a renewal of great hope. Maybe this was it, he'd think. Maybe afterward he would see, glory once more in light. But each time there was no change and he felt an increasing despondency.

In his despair, Boswell thought of a future of blindness, the remainder of his life spent in the dark. Under the blanket his hands clenched and his muscular six-foot body tensed in an ache to fight the terrible enemy. But fight whom? Fight what?

He attempted to resist the despair, to anchor his thoughts to the hope implied in the plans for future surgery, but always they yielded to the powerful tug of discouragement.

Of time there was plenty, and he gave over the slow, endless hours to self-torture by contrast of remembrance and expectation. He looked in the mirror of the happy past and then saw the gloomy imagery of the future. In his morbid mood he rejected totally the knowledge of blind men who had learned to function effectively, to lead rich and full lives, and thought only in terms of an enfeebled man tapping the pavement hesitantly with a white cane, pleadingly holding out a tin cup.

What future lay in store now for his pretty brown-haired wife Kathryn and the baby Kay back home in Birmingham, Alabama, with a blind man for a husband and father? What could he possibly do, a blind man, to provide for them?

Sure, he thought bitterly, he was a fine football player—the experts had rated him as one of the finest halfbacks in the United States—but of what use were his athletic skills now? Sports! What a preparation for earning a living as a blind man. In the spring of 1940 he had gone from the University

of Alabama to play professional baseball for the Atlanta Crackers. Better had he devoted that last summer of civilian life to a course in pencil selling.

His unhappy reverie was halted by preparations for his removal to another hospital, in Wales. With the imminence of change—new surroundings, new treatment, new doctors—his thoughts took on a measure of buoyancy.

In this lightened mood he wrote—or rather another wounded soldier wrote at his dictation—a letter to Birmingham, to his wife and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe A. Boswell. He wrote in generalities, that he was recovering from “not serious” wounds, making no mention of his eyes. But his mother said later, “I knew something was very wrong. The letter had the wrong address. Charles just couldn’t have made such a mistake about the home where he had grown up.”

They flew him to the hospital in Wales; and there on December 22, with nostalgic memories of happier days in Birmingham, he observed his twenty-eighth birthday. The Christmas that followed, he said, “was the loneliest day of my life,” despite efforts of Red Cross volunteers to make the holiday a pleasant one and the bedside singing of a group of Welsh carolers.

Boswell was examined by the hospital’s eye specialist. He sat rigidly under the bright white lights he couldn’t see while droplets of perspiration formed on his forehead. Then the doctor said, “Okay, Captain. That finishes it.” At the next words Boswell gratefully filled his lungs with air. “I think you’re going to be all right,” the doctor said.

Early in 1945 he was operated on again. No change—no evidence of improvement. He clung hopefully to the doctor’s words of assurance. A few weeks later, another operation, and

again no evidence of progress toward light. An interval of a month, again an operation.

Two days later, in the post-surgery examination, he got the bad news. "Captain," the doctor said quietly, "your left eye is finished. You can never have vision there." Then he added quickly, "I think we can do something with your right eye." But Boswell didn't believe any more.

He wrote to his wife and his parents, whose letters to him had betrayed an anxiety over his welfare; but he refused to disclose the injuries to his eyes or mention blindness, which he now knew was beyond remedy in one eye at least.

In his own handwriting, which wavered erratically over paper he couldn't see, he told of the hospital in Wales and related anecdotes of some of his wounded buddies. He closed with, "Please don't worry about me. I still have all the parts of my anatomy."

His refusal to mention a specific injury was noted at home, and added to his family's worry. Soon his wife and parents were to learn the truth for themselves. Boswell was returned to the United States, arriving at the huge Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, hospital on March 5. Immediately he telephoned his wife Kitty, who told him eagerly, "I'll be there the day after tomorrow."

The day after his arrival Boswell was given a routine physical examination, and the next morning an attendant escorted him to the eye department to be seen by the hospital's chief eye doctor, Elliot Randolph.

Dr. Randolph placed his hands on Boswell's temples and looked with intense concentration at his eyes from a distance of six inches. Boswell could feel the doctor's breath on his face. He heard the subdued rattle of instruments and then he

felt the doctor pull back the skin surrounding his right eye. Finally the doctor laid down the instruments, and Boswell heard the click of a light switch.

"That's all, Captain," the doctor said. Boswell arose hesitantly and when the doctor failed to volunteer information he asked, "What's the verdict on my right eye, doctor? What do you think?"

He felt the doctor's arm go around his shoulder, give a friendly squeeze. "Old boy," the doctor said, "I'm very sorry. There's no hope. There's no evidence of a pupil. You've got severe cornea damage and a detached retina. The optic nerve is severed. There's a bad cataract. Any one of these could cause blindness."

Boswell said bitterly, "In other words, doctor, I hit the jackpot."

Dr. Randolph said awkwardly, "If it's of some small comfort to you, everything possible has been done. We—"

Boswell began to back away, one hand behind him, feeling the way. "Don't worry about me, doctor," he blurted. "Don't worry. I'll be all right."

Dully, he allowed himself to be led to his room by the attendant.

He couldn't think. One word—one fact—clogged the mechanism of his mind. He lay on his bed and it reverberated like a drumbeat. Blind! Blind! Blind!

An hour went by, perhaps two. Suddenly he sat erect. Kitty! This was the day of her arrival. She was due any minute. "Nurse! Nurse!" he shouted hoarsely.

When a nurse came he explained excitedly that his wife didn't know of his blindness and would arrive at the hospital momentarily. It was imperative, he said, that someone inter-

cept her at the main gate and prepare her for his blindness. The nurse promised it would be done and hurried away.

But somehow Boswell's request was lost in "channels," and Kitty came into his presence unprepared—worse. Boswell explained, "Valley Forge was a plastic surgery center and also had hundreds of eye cases. It's a huge hospital, with seven miles of corridor.

"Kitty came in without escort and began looking for my room. It took a long time, about twenty minutes. And as she walked she kept seeing men with frightful facial injuries, with terrible burns and scars. She began to feel faint, thinking about all the awful things that might have happened to me."

Mrs. Boswell said, "I tried to stop thinking about what might have happened to Charles, how he might be mutilated. I tried to concentrate on the fact that I was going to see him, my husband.

"And then I found his room. I stopped in the doorway and looked in. He was pacing the floor. My heart was jumping. He was unshaven—and so thin. His clothes hung on him. I found out later that he had lost sixty pounds.

"I stepped into the room and he heard me and whispered, 'Kitty.' Immediately he began to talk, swiftly. About Kay, about his folks, about how well he felt. He didn't want me to ask any questions.

"He said, 'I've got some presents for you,' and he reached out for a couple of boxes on the bureau and opened them. They contained candlesticks and some Irish linen.

"I could tell there was something wrong, something about the way he kept his face away from me, at the way he had slid his hands over the boxes before picking them up. Some-

thing was wrong. Suddenly I knew what it was. My husband was blind.

"He was still talking. I put my fingers on his lips and he stopped. I said, 'Charles, I know. I know, Charles.' He flung his arms around me and kissed me. Then he began to cry."

Kitty Boswell stayed a week in Valley Forge. She and Charles rented two rooms in a private home and lived there during her visit. Ceaselessly Kitty assured her husband, "It doesn't matter, Charles. Nothing matters as long as we're together. We'll work this out, you and I."

Then she went home to Birmingham, and a short time later his mother, knowing now that her boy was blind, visited Valley Forge Hospital. Mother Boswell said, "I never cried before as I did when Kitty told me of Charles' blindness. But I wouldn't let myself cry when I saw him. I almost broke down though at one point. He grinned at me and said, 'Mom, when I went away I promised you I'd come back—but I didn't say how.'"

This was it. This was all of the crucial games he had ever played rolled into one, and all of the crises he had ever faced, all of the problems he had ever faced—magnified one million times in meaning.

He was blind and there was no human knowledge or skill which could give back his sight.

How would he respond to a challenge whose conditions weighed so heavily on the challenger? He had two choices: to default, bow before the limitations of blindness, permit his spirit to atrophy from submission; or to struggle, commit fully his resources, bound back from inevitable frustration, defeat and rebuff, and grow. He chose struggle.

He didn't think it through in quite this way. He used other nomenclature and illustrations: earning a living and providing a home for his family, enjoying the fruits of life, being a father—in all dimensions—to his child, making and holding friends.

Nor was his decision formed spontaneously. Rather it was a structure to which he added daily. One of its elements, for instance, was the determination which he brought to the army's rehabilitation program to which he was now assigned.

He proceeded to learn Braille, to use a typewriter. He went grimly at the task of learning how to get about in the town of Valley Forge, to cope with the foot and motor traffic, to board buses—at first with a guide and then alone. He attacked his fear of being stared at by strangers. His therapy of will functioned even at the table. He must be strong, he told himself, and often he ate when dishes he had favored for years tasted like sawdust.

The structure of his decision didn't grow at an even pace; at times it even diminished. He had his periods of doubt and torment and discouragement, hours when he accomplished nothing or even despairingly toppled recent gains. His development was a wavering line, but its trend was constantly upward—and this is the pattern of human growth.

He gave intense thought to the problem of earning a living, and his concern with this was itself healthy. He considered and concluded he could fit himself for salesmanship, the operation of a greenhouse, the management of a small store and, with a growing appreciation of the important role of the therapists in his own hospital, physiotherapy. The area of opportunity, he learned with satisfaction, was vast for one with will and courage.

But in another field he felt total defeat and exclusion—sports. With another it probably wouldn't have hurt so. But sports had never been for him a mere pastime. It had been the most important activity of his life; from it had come a huge gratification.

His sports participation went back far. It began in early childhood, with his father, trainmaster for the Birmingham and Southern Railroad, teaching him the rudiments of football and baseball in the yard of the family home in Ensley Highlands, a suburb of Birmingham. At seven he was playing with the neighborhood teams for ten months of the year in the benign climate. As a freshman he went out for football at Ensley High School, but Coach Buddy DeYampert advised him to "wait until you grow up." Even though he weighed then 105 pounds and Ensley's team was of such power and prowess that it could defeat many small college teams, he felt the coach was wrong and bowed to his advice with great reluctance.

The next year Charlie Boswell felt he was big enough to satisfy any coaching perfectionist. Weighing 138 pounds, he went out for the team and made first string as a halfback.

Before he was graduated from Ensley he was named by sportswriters as All-Birmingham, All-Jefferson County, All-Alabama, and All-South. He also played guard on the school basketball team, played in the outfield for the baseball team, and ran on the track team. The first time he put on spiked shoes he won the 220-yard dash in the state championships. In all sports he was outstanding.

The list of colleges which sought him read almost like a directory of collegiate football powers, but for Boswell there was only one school—the University of Alabama, the Crim-

son Tide, whose athletic achievements he had followed avidly since childhood.

He played on the freshman team and then made the varsity as a sophomore.

Alabama Coach Frank Thomas called him "one of my fifteen best players in fifteen years of coaching."

His future in sports, now a means of livelihood, was rich with promise when he finished college. He had several offers to play professional football. Frankie Thomas wanted him to join his coaching staff. Manager Paul Richards of the Atlanta Crackers mailed him a baseball contract.

Boswell signed the baseball contract. Baseball, he figured, paid its stars well and a baseball player could continue in action for years. His career lasted three months. At the end of the 1940 season he was drafted into the army as a private.

Now it was all at an end. His skills, his flashing speed and great strength were voided by the absence of sight. The implements of sports were beyond the use of a blind man; to Boswell they were the artifacts of a happy past.

Then one hot day in early summer the past came alive.

He was resting on his hospital bed after two hours of Braille and typing study. A small table radio blared a broadcast of a baseball game between the Pirates and the Phillies. Suddenly the set's volume was reduced to a whisper by a hand he couldn't see and somebody said, "Hello, Captain. I'm Kenny Gleason of the hospital staff." Boswell got to his feet, extended his hand toward the voice and then, stunned, pulled it back. "How about some golf?" Gleason had asked. "It's a swell day for it."

Boswell felt a flush of hurt and anger pass over his face.

"Are you crazy?" he said. "I'm blind—a blind man can't play golf."

"Who says he can't? I'm a golf pro and I'm sure I can teach you. What d'you say? Let's give it a try."

Gleason took a firm grip on Boswell's arm and propelled him, still protesting, through the hospital corridors, through the gate, and into a station wagon. Then he drove to a nine-hole municipal golf course at nearby Phoenixville.

Boswell said, "Gleason teed up a ball and handed me a driver. He said, 'Okay, Charlie, let's go.' By this time I was sure he was crazy, but I decided to go along with him. He lined the head of my club up with the ball and said, 'Now let's see a smooth swing.' I told him that I had never played golf in my life and he said, 'Go ahead and swing anyway. You've seen guys play golf.'"

"I jiggled the club a little bit, bringing it up against the ball a couple of times. I still felt like throwing the club on the ground and walking away, but I pulled the wood back and let go in a drive. I felt the tiny shock of hard contact with the ball in my hands and heard the thud. I had hit the ball—hit it square! I felt a tremendous thrill of satisfaction and I shouted, 'Where'd it go, Kenny? Where'd it go?'"

"He answered, 'A hundred and seventy-five or eighty yards.'"

"I said, 'Which way, Kenny?'"

"He said, 'Straight as an arrow—right down the fairway.'"

"'Don't pull my leg, Kenny,' I said. 'Don't try to make it easy for me.' I grabbed his shoulders. 'Tell me the truth, Kenny. When you say things like that you better mean them.'"

"Kenny said quietly, 'I'm telling you the truth, Charlie. That ball went straight and true about 180 yards down the fairway.'"

"I was wet with sweat from excitement. I kept feeling that tingle in my hands from hitting the ball, hearing the sweet sound it made. I said, 'Kenny, let's play some more.'

"We played three holes and then we had to stop. Another step and I'd have fallen down dead from exhaustion. I was still pretty weak and underweight and at the end the clubs seemed as heavy as baseball bats.

"We played each hole very slowly and Kenny gave me instructions every foot of the way. When we finished I hugged him. 'Kenny,' I said, 'from now on golf's my game.'

"What wonderful words they were—'my game.' That night my arms, legs, and back ached like mad, but I loved it. I slept like a baby."

They played again the next day, four holes. The day after that they played five. Every stroke was preceded by a lesson on fundamentals and by a word picture of the location of the ball and the approach to the green.

Gleason taught him the function of the various woods and irons. With an appreciation of Boswell's strong hands, he taught him the overlapping grip, used by the majority of champions since it was introduced by the great English player, Harry Vardon.

With Gleason rattling the pin in the cup so his pupil could direct the ball by sound, Boswell practiced putting by the hour. Some days he did nothing but drive, a pailful of balls at his disposal. Drives of 200, 225, and then 250 yards became a commonplace for Boswell as, with natural aptitude, he improved the rhythm of his swing. Gleason worked with him on effective stances for various shots, constantly correcting, suggesting.

Boswell sensed from the sudden silence which came on

other players at his approach that he was being stared at in wonderment, perhaps in pity, and this caused him some discomfort, but not enough to deter him from playing.

Throughout the summer they played every day that weather permitted. Boswell became browned from the sun, he ate heartily, slept soundly. He was becoming fit again. Glorifying in his growth within blindness, he also took up horseback riding and did a lot of swimming.

In September he progressed on to the last stage of the army's rehabilitation program. He was transferred to the Old Farms Convalescent Hospital at Avon, Connecticut.

Bidding good-by to Gleason, he hid his deep feeling for the rehabilitation worker in a jest. They shook hands in farewell and Boswell said, "Say, Kenny, I've decided to drop golf—it just isn't for me."

Gleason's jaw dropped. "What—?"

"Yeah, I understand that the first principle of golf is: keep your eye on the ball. Well, how can I keep my eye on the ball?"

Both men roared with laughter.

Boswell spent two and a half months at Old Farms, near Hartford. He took additional courses in Braille, typing, business methods, and salesmanship.

His occupational interest became fixed on the management of a sporting goods store. The rehabilitation authorities arranged for him two trips to New York, where he discussed his qualifications and handicap with sporting goods executives. The latter told Boswell they felt sure he could function effectively in the field.

He underwent psychological testing to determine his readiness to leave the protective atmosphere of Old Farms and

subject himself to the abrasion, the stress, and the blows of the everyday world.

Dr. Jacob Levine, psychologist at Old Farms, said, "We never had serious concern for Captain Boswell. His was a sturdy, outgoing personality. He was making a good adjustment to his blindness. Every report on him was encouraging."

Another member of the Old Farms staff also turned in an optimistic report on Boswell, the Reverend Thomas Carroll, Catholic chaplain who later became head of the Catholic Guild for the Blind with headquarters in Boston.

Father Carroll said, "One of the things I tried to do was to aid the blind boys in establishing personal relationships in the community, in getting used to mingling in society again. Many withdrew into a fearful isolation—but not Boswell.

"He became the leader of a trio who—although blind—were as mischievous, ingenious, and happy as three ten-year-olds. Everybody at Old Farms knew them as Bo, Mo, and Fo—Boswell, Morriarty, and Fogarty."

Throughout his stay at Old Farms Boswell played golf, either practicing shots on the hospital grounds or going nine holes at the nearby Farmington Country Club, with an attendant to line up the club and explain the terrain and distances to him.

On November 30, exactly one year from the day the tank and ammunition blew up, he returned to Birmingham, to his wife and two-year-old daughter, and to his parents.

Kitty Boswell had been briefed for his return. Don't show him pity, she was told. Don't offer constantly to help him. Let him do things for himself.

"The advice," she said, "was totally unnecessary. I didn't feel pity for Charles—only love and respect. And as for help-

ing him, an incident which occurred shortly after he came home showed me just how much he needed help.

"We were sitting in the living room of our little place. He was bouncing Kay on his knee. Looking out the window I could see our car and I said idly, 'The car's awfully dirty. We should have it washed.'

"About twenty minutes later, while doing some dusting, I happened to glance through the back window and my mouth opened wide in astonishment. Charles was washing the car. But the car had been parked outside in the street! He had gone out, got in behind the wheel, and somehow inched it through the driveway and into the backyard.

"I was so proud of him that the tears came to my eyes. But also I was frightened and I asked him why he had been so foolish. Do you know what he said? 'Aw, honey, I didn't want to goldbrick.'"

Mrs. Boswell continued, "A friend suggested that Charles get himself a Seeing Eye dog. Nothing doing, Charles said. He told the friend, 'I hate to get up early. You got a dog and you have to get up early and walk him. Also I may get some Yankee dog from New Jersey and it will take me a couple of months to teach him how to get around in Birmingham. I don't want to depend on a dog. He gets sick or he dies and where am I?'"

He refused even to use a white cane, which would have identified him as a blind man and got him special consideration from pedestrians and motorists. He bought an ordinary brown cane to feel for curbs, steps, and other obstacles.

After a few weeks spent in "getting used to things," he began job hunting in the sporting goods stores; but there was no opening—at least there was none for a blind man.

Failure to find work revived some of his anxieties and his discouragement, and sometimes he thought despairingly, "What chance have I got? Who would want to hire a blind man to sell sports equipment?"

As before, he fought the discouragement. He told himself stubbornly, "I have something worthwhile to offer an employer—enthusiasm, intelligence, honesty, a knowledge of sports and its equipment, a liking for kids, and something of a reputation as an athlete."

When he was not job hunting, aiding Kitty in the household chores, or romping with Kay, he was playing golf.

His companion and his aide on the golf course now was another newly-returned war veteran, his cousin Dick Cox. The 262-pound Cox was a fine amateur golfer, and he took up the instruction which had been so well started by Gleason.

They practiced at Ensley Park, Highland Park, and the Woodward links, and gradually Boswell became entirely unconcerned at being stared at by other golfers.

Until his return to Birmingham he had paid little attention to keeping score. He thought of golf mainly as a sport he could enjoy in company of friends, and his goal was merely to give a respectable account of himself. But soon it dawned on him and on Cox that he was becoming a fine player.

Cox said, "He was driving 290 yards, 300 yards—right on a line. He was a terrific driver but he was even better with a putter in his hands. He became a cinch to sink a putt any time he was as close as five or six feet from the cup. Mind, he couldn't see the cup, only hear me rattling the pin."

Cox added, "One week we played 36 holes of golf and he had only two putts on each green, which is par for any good golfer."

Playing on the back nine at Highland on two successive days, he scored a 45 and a 44. Another day, with the ground soft and mushy, he toured the front nine in 52 in a match with Cox. Cox, who could see and who had been playing for years, also scored a 52.

Birmingham golfers began to talk admiringly of the former Alabama University star and the newspapers took to publishing feature stories on his golfing achievements. Boswell kept steadily at his game, practicing, studying, smoothing away flaws. One day he gave the golfing colony something that really excited it.

He went nine holes over the steep hills and winding paths of the municipal course in a dazzling 39. Had he continued with the same level of play for another nine holes it would have been 78 for the eighteen, a score reached by only a few golfers.

Hearing of the exploit, a sporting goods company rushed him a gift of a set of matched clubs and it was said in Birmingham that scores of golfers who had been vainly trying for years to break 100 threatened to throw their tools away and quit the game.

The newspapers wrote up the event and a national picture magazine published an illustrated article about the brilliant blind golfer.

Then something even more gratifying took place. Morris Blumenthal, vice president of the Loveman, Joseph and Loeb department store, telephoned Boswell at his home and asked him to come to his office to discuss a matter of business.

At the subsequent meeting Blumenthal said that the store, the largest in Birmingham, was planning to open a small sporting goods department and was prepared to employ Bos-

well in an "advisory and public relations capacity." Did he want the job?

He accepted eagerly. A job! An opportunity to make money for his family, soon to have an addition, to go to work in the morning and return at night like other men. Extravagantly, he took a taxicab as the quickest means of getting home to tell Kitty the news.

At breakfast preceding his first day at work he and Kitty came close to quarreling, however. He refused to permit her to drive him to the store. "There's no reason why I can't go by trolley, like anyone else," he said. "You don't have to drive me." Finally she bowed to his insistence. However, immediately after he left she rushed into the family car and followed him.

She saw him listen for the approach of the trolley, signal it to stop and then get on the car. She followed and saw him get off at the proper stop and walk to the store. For three days she followed him and then she stopped. "He didn't need any help," she said. "I stopped worrying."

The little sporting goods department consisted of a manager who, it was planned, would do the selling, and Boswell, who would make contacts with schools and athletic clubs. But Boswell found himself doing more and more selling as the months went by and the customers liked the big blond man who was so friendly and patient and, despite his blindness, knew the location and price of every item in the stock.

At the end of the first year Loveman's made Boswell the manager and gave him another salesman to assist him.

The appointment of a blind man as manager was against the advice of Loveman's New York headquarters, the store

being a unit of a chain. Then Boswell proceeded to prove that the advice was invalid.

The first year, with the other man as manager, the little department lost \$3000. Under Boswell the loss was reduced to \$1800 the next year. In Boswell's second year as manager the department showed a profit, and this increased sharply over the three more years that he remained with Loveman's.

As manager, he dealt with customers, went to market to buy merchandise, handled the correspondence, kept in touch with inventory, and was responsible for the advertising. His success had another result. The store hired five other handicapped persons and later President O. W. Schanbacher was to say, "They are fine, capable employees who, like Charlie, refused to be beaten by their handicaps and continue to work and play even as you and I. The opportunity given these people has been the result of our experience with Charlie."

When Charlie left Loveman's, Blumenthal said, "His cheerful handshake and 'glad to see you' or his good-by shake and his 'see you later' always made you feel (and you knew he felt the same way) that it is good to be alive and looking forward to the next day."

The year 1946, which had already brought Charles a job, had two other gifts in store for him. Charles, Jr., was born, and competitive golf invited Boswell to join its ranks.

He received an invitation to take part in the Blind Golfers National Championship at Inglewood, Calif. He accepted when Loveman's offered to sponsor the trip for him and for Grant Thomas, a friend since grammar school days who was playing with him now as his golf aide.

The entrants, rated as the best blind golfers in the country, were Boswell; Marvin Shannon of Fort Worth, Texas; the de-

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fending champion, Clinton Russell of Duluth, Minnesota, a former titleholder in the tourney which was originated in 1938; and Bob Anderson of Los Angeles. With the exception of Boswell, they had been playing golf for years.

They played that year under the so-called Nassau system. It provides that a point is gained by a player for each nine holes won and a third point for the eighteenth in the round robin tourney.

Play opened in a downpour, Boswell against Russell, a retired business man, and Shannon against Anderson. Despite the weather a gallery of some thousand golf enthusiasts gathered in a semicircle around the players as they teed off.

Grant Thomas described the terrain for Boswell, gave an approximation of the distance to the green, then lined up his clubhead with the ball and stepped away. A moment later the crowd emitted a moan of satisfaction as Boswell smashed a drive 265 yards.

By the end of the tournament, Russell had regained the championship with seven points. Boswell finished second with five and one-half, Shannon was third with five, and Anderson trailed the others with one-half point.

Trophies were presented the winner and the runner-up by crooner Bing Crosby who, with comedian Bob Hope, had played an exhibition match for the benefit of the Blind Recreation Fund in conjunction with the blind golfers tournament. Crosby, in handing Boswell his silver cup, said to the audience, "I think this lad will be the next champion."

Life began to flower for Kitty and Charles Boswell. Married while he was in infantry training at Camp Robinson, Arkansas, and living "out of a trunk" in a succession of army

posts until he went overseas, they had always looked forward to the time when they could enjoy "a normal married life."

Now they proceeded jointly and joyfully to live the kind of life they had always dreamed about, undeterred by Charles' blindness.

They formed a circle of friends, other young married couples. They entertained in their home and were entertained in other homes. They went to dances together, played golf together, and "saw" movies together, the pretty brown-haired girl and the big handsome man with the square chin. Holding Kitty's hand in the movie theater, Boswell followed the plot from the dialogue and his wife's occasional whispered explanation.

Charles was eager for everything and always found a way to get around his blindness. Fond of bridge, he worked out a way to play though he couldn't see the cards. He took an ordinary deck and, with a pin, pierced each card from the back so that tiny raised dots appeared on the face. These dots, in Braille combination, enabled him to determine instantly by touch what cards he held in his hand.

However, his blindness enjoined one prohibition in card playing. His friends good-naturedly banned him from dealing because his sensitive hands could read each card as it was distributed.

Charles became active in the Lions Club, in sight conservation activities, and in Boy Scout work. He taught a men's Bible class at his church. He became a leader in Alabama of the movement seeking employment opportunities for the handicapped.

Organizations of all types sought him as a speaker. During

one Alabama Sight Month he gave talks on twenty-five of the twenty-eight evenings.

Many handicapped persons owed their first employment to the example of his business success and, often, to his direct intercession with an employer. He was becoming one of Alabama's best-known and most admired citizens, one of the most loved of Alabama University's many sons.

One day Alabama acted to show its appreciation.

Annually on March 30 "A-Day" is celebrated at the University of Alabama. The football squad is divided into "red" and "white" teams who play a game which climaxes spring training.

From the "A" Club of the university, the organization of sports lettermen, came a proposal to turn "A-Day" into "B-Day" to honor and benefit Charles Boswell. The club proposed that tickets be sold for the annual intra-squad game and the proceeds be turned over to Charlie Boswell.

The university authorities gave their approval and committees to handle the organizing details and the sale of tickets were established in every city of the state.

Boswell, when he was first informed of the undertaking, declared that he was opposed to being made its beneficiary. "Then," he said, "on thinking it over I decided that I wasn't being fair to my family. I didn't want anything for myself, but if money could be made available for my children's college education it would be wrong of me to turn it down. So I said okay."

The game was scheduled for Legion Field in Birmingham, where Boswell often had thrilled thousands with his playing, and tickets were printed to sell for \$1. Borden Burr, a Birming-

ham attorney who was chairman of the "B-Day" executive committee, optimistically predicted that 15,000 would turn out for the game.

March 30 proved him wrong, by a large margin.

Boswell rallies were held in the larger cities. Newspapers hailed "B-Day" in editorials. The Birmingham city fathers proclaimed March 30 "Charlie Boswell Day." Harry Gilmer, All-American halfback, and Vaughn Mancha, All-American center—the rival captains—personally sold tickets.

Every policeman and fireman in Birmingham became a ticket salesman. Motorcycle policemen sold tickets to motorists halted for traffic violations.

Thirty-three thousand tickets were sold and, an even more accurate measurement of the tribute, 30,000 persons came to the game, crowded into the stadium built to accommodate 25,000. There was hardly room to stand.

When Kitty and Charles Boswell entered the stadium to go to the press box where Charles was to hear the game broadcast over the radio the throng stood and cheered for six minutes.

After deductions were made for taxes Mrs. Boswell was handed a check for \$30,000.

The 1947 blind golfers championship tournament was held at the Northland Country Club at Duluth, the home course of Clinton Russell, the defending champion. Charlie entered again.

He went to Duluth accompanied by Kitty, who there saw him in competitive play for the first time, and his friend and golfing guide Grant Thomas. They arrived a few days early, and Russell took Boswell on a tour of the course. As they

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started out, accompanied by sports writers and club officials, Charlie joked, "Well, boys, this is really a case of the blind leading the blind."

The Northland course is a very hilly one, one of the most difficult in the country, and Boswell said after the eighteen holes had been covered, "Phew! Those are the trickiest greens I ever saw."

An immediate heavy advantage lay with Russell because he had played the course scores of times and had it well pictured in his mind.

By vote of the players the Nassau system was abandoned in favor of medal play. The championship would be determined by best total score.

Boswell was paired in the opening twosome with Harry Hunter, the only sightless person working then on the huge Ford Motor Car Company assembly line. Russell followed in a match with Bob Anderson and Dolphus A. Thibert of Windsor, Ontario.

Again heavy rain fell on opening day and lightning lashed the course. Boswell stole the show with a pair of pars, the only ones of the day, on the sixth and sixteenth holes, and his booming drives.

Wet to the skin, the 210-pound athlete easily captured the lead with a 58 for the first nine and then broadened it with a 51 for the second nine.

At the end of the first day's play this was the standing:

Boswell was first with 109; Russell was second with 121; Anderson was third with 135; Thibert was fourth with 138; Hunter was fifth with 150.

On the second day the defending champion and the foremost challenger clashed in a twosome. Boswell went out in

55, and Russell in 56. Both turned in 55 on the second nine. Boswell was now a little farther in front and the sportswriters were predicting a new champion would be crowned.

When Boswell and Russell started out on the third and final eighteen holes the next day the players stood thus:

Boswell—109-109—218; Russell—121-110—231; Anderson—135-141—276; Hunter—150-150—300. Thibert was out of the competition.

Boswell and Russell kept the large gallery ceaselessly on edge in their concluding match. Demonstrating magnificent putting, Boswell turned in a 52 for the first nine holes, carding four pars. Russell, with 53, was almost as sharp.

One stroke ahead, Boswell ran into trouble on the tenth hole. He started with a 245-yard drive which landed out of bounds. Russell evened the match. On the eleventh the defending champion forged one stroke ahead when Boswell wobbled. At this point Kitty went out and chatted quietly with her husband for a moment and he regained mastery over his tools.

Russell held his one-stroke lead through the twelfth hole, and then on the thirteenth Boswell drew up even with a sensational par four for the 420-yard hole. On the next hole Charlie carded a par five to move one up on the champion.

They played thus through the fifteenth, and on the sixteenth Boswell really beat his opponent with a shot which the Northland veterans said had never been duplicated on the tough course which Gene Sarazen describes as "one of the most difficult I've ever played." Boswell fired off the tee, played another shot, and the ball fell into a situation which would have caused a golfer who could see it to pick up his clubs and go home.

As they conferred, Grant Thomas said to Boswell, "Charlie, we're going to have to be good, very good, for this one. We're about 150 yards from the green, but we've got to lift the ball over an intervening green, a bunker, a creek and a long cat-walk bridge."

He described it in greater detail, Boswell asking questions. Then Boswell let Thomas line up club and ball and heard him say, "Okay, Charlie, let it fly."

Boswell jiggled his club for a moment, drew it back and swung. The ball flew over the obstacles, landed on the green and rolled to a stop two feet from the can as the gallery roared with applause and release of tension. He sank the putt and was two up on Russell.

Boswell finished with a 100, Russell with a 102. Bing Crosby's prediction had come true. The blind golfer from Birmingham was the new champion!

The tournament the next year was played at San Antonio, Texas, for the benefit of the Lighthouse Association for the Blind, and Boswell successfully defended his title.

In 1949, however, he dropped the championship to Russell at Detroit, finishing second. In 1950 Boswell regained the title at the Plymouth Country Club in Norristown, Pennsylvania.

It was Boswell's third championship in five attempts. He made it the fourth championship the next year, and the fifth the year after, and the sixth the year after that. He was now regarded as *the* champion, the blind golfer without a peer in America. But he was to win even greater laurels.

A World Blind Golfers Championship was organized, to be played at Hamilton, Ontario, and the best sightless golfers from the United States, Canada, England, France and Mexico filed entries—twenty-four in all.

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They played thirty-six holes of golf in medal play, and when it was all over Boswell was the first world blind golf champion.

He was a happy man. He decided to go into business for himself and opened the Charles Boswell Shoe Store in downtown Birmingham, employing three persons.

Another boy, Stephen, was born to the Boswells.

Charlie romped with his children, played games with them, bathed them at night, and heard their prayers.

Did they ever question his blindness, feel that he was somehow different from other daddies? "Why should they?" he asked. "I'm not different. I can do anything any other man can do, except read a newspaper."

The National Disabled Veterans Association selected him as "Hero of the Year" in 1949. Three years later he was Alabama's nomination for the President's trophy as "The Handicapped Person of 1952," and Governor Gordon Persons wrote President Harry Truman:

"The rehabilitation program of this young veteran has been observed with keen interest and pride. It represents the epitome of courage and determination and serves as a constant inspiration, not only to handicapped persons, but to all of us."

Sweet-faced Mrs. Roscoe Boswell, his mother, said of him:

"For several years after Charles was blinded I prayed constantly to God to help him. I feel now that God has answered my prayers. Not in the way I wanted, but in His way. For if Charles had not been blinded he could not have helped the many, many blinded and handicapped persons by his talks, his work, and the inspiration of his example."

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Charles put it this way:

"I feel my rehabilitation is complete.

"I look at it this way now: blindness isn't a handicap—it's just an inconvenience."

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Martin Whiteford Marion

THERE is full agreement among baseball men that the shortstop guards the most important position in the field, the deep wedge of territory between second and third base.

Agreement is almost as complete that for a period of more than ten years—a long time in the fleeting careers of sports champions—the greatest shortstop in baseball was Martin Whiteford Marion. “Mr. Shortstop,” he was called in recognition of the classic excellence of his playing.

Many acclaimed him as the greatest shortstop in the entire history of baseball. Among these was Connie Mack, the Philadelphia Athletics’ Grand Old Man of Baseball, who said, “I’ve seen a lot of shortstops in my time but that fellow is the best I’ve ever seen.”

Marion, a thin lathe of a man who fidgeted ceaselessly while waiting for the ball to go into play, was literally beyond price on the baseball market during his years with the St. Louis Cardinals.

Once Herb Pennock, general manager of the Philadelphia

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Phillies, offered Sam Breadon, business head of the Cardinals, a quarter of a million dollars for Marion, and that was in 1945 when the dollar had a lot more value than in the years which followed. Breadon turned down the offer, saying, "I might as well sell the club franchise as let Marion go."

But it was not always thus. For some years this rare baseball value went begging for a purchaser; the game's shrewdest scouts were unable to detect the remarkable potential in the six-foot-two-inch Marion.

But undoubtedly the most remarkable thing about Marion's career was that there was a career in the first place.

An accident removed him from the play and games of childhood, almost left him crippled for life, and set up a pyramid of odds against his developing the most elementary of athletic skills.

It happened in Atlanta, Ga., when Marty was 11. He had been born in Richburg, South Carolina, but when he was still a toddler his father, a railroad fireman, moved Mrs. Marion and their four sons to Atlanta.

At eleven Marty was what he describes as "an average kid," the inevitable "Skinny" of his gang because of his slender body. He was developing an increasing interest in sports, but this was still in competition with the earlier attraction of such games as "cops and robbers."

"We were playing cops and robbers one afternoon," Marion recalls, "and I was one of the robbers; the cops were chasing me up an earth bank in the woods, I guess it was about twenty feet high. I was trapped. There were too many of them.

"I made a last brief stand, went 'bang! bang!' a couple of times and jumped."

In mid-air he braced his thin body for the shock of landing,

but there was a film of oily mud on the ground. His pipe-stem right leg slid backward under him and thrust out disjointedly as he cried out in pain. He had suffered a compound break at the thigh, and his suffering was intense. He lay there, sick, white-faced, and frightened, unable to move, and in a few moments the gang's make-believe was shocked back to reality as the word circulated "Marty's hurt! Marty's hurt bad!"

They couldn't justify how they knew that their playmate was "hurt bad," but the insight of boyhood told them that a "regular feller" doesn't sob over a lesser injury, a minor pain. They were in the transitional stage of becoming boys and in the emergency they reverted to childhood. They felt a panic and fled.

For two and a half hours the injured youngster lay in the woods. Twilight came on. His leg throbbed with quick drumbeats of pain. He was feverish and terribly thirsty, and he was afraid. He cried out the names of the gang; but they had gone, and he heard only the little noises of the wood.

Marty might have lain there longer had not John Marion, his father, come home from work before his usual hour to take his son to the dentist. The boys for some unaccountable reason had feared to tell Mrs. Marion about the accident, but when they saw Marty's dad one of them ran up and blurted out the story.

John Marion ran to the woods, picked up the frail boy in his arms, and took him to Atlanta's Grady hospital where the doctors gently probed the injured thigh and determined the multiple fracture.

The leg was set, fastened into a brace, and suspended from a trolley. And Marty lay there that way in a succession of monotonous days, hating every minute of the confinement,

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weak from immobility but buoyed up by the expectation that the time when he could rejoin his family and friends was drawing nearer.

But a painful setback was in store for him. Two months had gone by when the doctors called in his parents and told them the bad news: the bones had mended crookedly.

Their boy's thigh would have to be re-opened, the bones separated and re-set. Moreover, said the doctors, they could guarantee nothing; they believed that Marty's right leg would be permanently shorter than his left and that he would have to walk with a limp for the rest of his life.

Surgeons cut into the leg, set the bones properly and then forced them to adhere with strands of silver wire, which souvenir Marty still carries in his thinner, scarred right leg, and then the wound was sewed together with forty-four stitches.

The wound healed slowly but properly while Marty lay on the hospital bed with a plaster cast extending from his toe to his armpit. Thus he remained for seven months, and when the cast was taken from the frail, weak limb he was handed a pair of crutches. For the next year he hobbled about on these.

In all Marty lost more than two years of the normal boy's play and game activity, and a less likely candidate for sports stardom would have been hard to find in Atlanta.

He accompanied his pals to their baseball and football games, but his participation was limited to cheering for them or limping after a loose ball. Occasionally he practiced with them a bit, but always his injured thigh ached and he tired quickly.

He would have disregarded the aches and the tiredness,

but his parents enlisted Marty's pals as monitors and the boys themselves often limited his activity.

Gradually the limp disappeared and his injured leg became stronger. Eagerly he plunged into baseball and football—both the touch and tackle varieties. His worried mother, however, soon made tackle football out of bounds, fearful that her gangling boy might sustain another and more serious injury. But his father saw to it that Marty was given complete freedom to play baseball, although for some time sliding into a base was forbidden because of the intense strain this would put on his leg.

He enrolled at Tech High in Atlanta where he showed considerable interest in mechanical drawing and decided to make it his life's work. It was there, too, that he met Mary Dallas, who was to figure in one of baseball's biggest managerial boners before she became Mrs. Marion in 1937.

He sat on the high school bench during his freshman year, running errands for baseball coach Gabe Tolbert and watching his older brother John play. Marty played some sandlot baseball himself, mainly for Rache Bell's American Legion team.

He was then only an average performer, the loss of playing experience as a result of his injury having retarded his development. But he played the game almost daily, watched superior players for what he could learn, and soaked up baseball lore ceaselessly.

As a sophomore he went out for the high school team but was cut from the squad. He made another attempt in his junior year and became the regular third baseman. One of the weaker players, he was only a fair fielder and an indifferent hitter.

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But nobody worked harder at the game than Marty and he improved substantially as a senior.

John, an outfielder, was regarded as a much better prospect for organized baseball and was signed up by the Chattanooga Lookouts of the Southern League. And in 1935, after Marty was graduated from high school, Pa Marion persuaded Joe Engel, president of the minor league club, to sign up his younger boy Marty.

Such was the effectiveness of the elder Marion's salesmanship that Marty was given a \$250 bonus for signing and the contract provided that he be paid \$100 a month. The arrangement was that Marty would not play but would merely work out with the team when it was at home.

For a week Marty wore the Lookouts' uniform and worked out on the sun-baked Chattanooga diamond. One Sunday morning Mary Dallas arrived from Atlanta to visit him at the Washington Senators farm club.

Before lunch Marty went into the office of Calvin Griffith, business manager and son of the late Clark Griffith, owner of the Senators. "Sir," said Marty, "my girl is visiting me from Atlanta. Could I have a couple of passes for today's doubleheader?"

Griffith looked up from his desk. "Marion," he said irritably, "who do you think you are? We don't give out passes just like that—your girl will have to pay."

Marty paid \$1.60 for two tickets, and the Senators organization later paid in anguish when Marty became "Mr. Short-stop." After the doubleheader he went over to brother John's apartment where he had been living, threw his extra slacks and shirts into a bag, picked up Mary, and returned to Atlanta in his flivver.

Marty's anger later cooled, and on Wednesday he drove back to Chattanooga to continue his workouts. But Calvin Griffith told him coldly, "Marion, you're finished here. Come into the office and get your release."

Again he went back to Atlanta, where he signed up to play third base for the amateur team of a local cheese company.

One of Marty's pals in those days was another young third baseman, Johnny Echols. In mid-August Echols told him, "I'm thinking about going over to Rome (Georgia) to try out at the Cardinals' farms school. How about going along with me? They gobble up young ballplayers." Marty said, "Okay, if they'll pay expenses."

A few days later the two boys left on the sixty-mile journey by bus. At Rome scores of youngsters worked out under the eyes of former major leaguers, each performing at his best in striving for a start up the professional baseball ladder. Echols made a good impression. He was built much sturdier than his friend and rival third baseman; he was a smoother fielder and stronger hitter. In contrast to Echols' polish, Marty's performance was only passable.

The Cardinals tried to sign up Echols, but he balked. On starting out from Atlanta the two boys had made a pact that neither would sign a contract without the other. It would be a package deal or none. The Cardinals, however, had no great interest in Marion, and when the tryouts were over both boys went home.

But the wheels were turning in the marvelously efficient farm system which Branch Rickey, general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, had wrought. The reports from Bill Walsingham, director of the school, had been forwarded to Rickey, who studied them microscopically. Two weeks later

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Rickey sent off identical telegrams to two homes in Atlanta: "Will pay expenses on ten-day trip to St. Louis."

The two youthful third basemen arrived in St. Louis in September while Frankie Frisch and his Gas House Gang were striving vainly to fight off the pennant winning drive of the Chicago Cubs.

Pridefully they put on the Redbird uniforms in a cubby-hole set aside for rookies and then were sent through their paces by Coach Clyde "Buzzy" Wares. Rickey, accounted one of the shrewdest men in baseball in a career which has taken him from St. Louis to Brooklyn to Pittsburgh, watched closely from the stands.

But the script unfolded to the same conclusions as at the Rome school. Echols made a terrific impression. He was a stone wall on balls hit into his territory, his throws across the diamond were swift and accurate, and he batted with power.

Marion was a skinny youngster who had trouble hitting the ball out of the infield. However, it was thought he might develop. Frisch, one of the greatest second basemen of all times, commented that Marion was "the poorest hitter I ever saw. But even then," he added, "I thought that he was going to make a master fielder."

The Cardinals wanted the impressive Echols, wanted him badly, and to get his signature on a contract they offered to sign up Marion also. But now, handed their plums on silver salvers, the two Atlanta boys hesitated. They weren't sure they wanted to play professional baseball. They thought they might go to college instead. Also the contract offered Marion was very skimpy. The boys went home.

Marty enrolled at Georgia Tech and began studying mechanical drawing. But the Cardinals hadn't yet closed the files

marked "Echols" and "Marion." No organization in baseball was so successful in seining the cities, towns, and villages for promising young ballplayers. Five months later Branch Rickey sent his brother Frank to Atlanta with instructions to "get Echols and Marion—especially Echols."

Frank Rickey, to whom such a campaign was nothing new, entertained the boys in Atlanta's best restaurants, talking convincingly about the advantages of joining the Cardinals chain. One night in Tubby Walton's plain restaurant featuring southern cooking the boys said yes and wrote their names with the pen Rickey handed them.

They were now members of that vast organization functioning on all levels of baseball. But Echols, whom the Cardinals had tagged for certain stardom, lasted only three years in the lower leagues and was dropped down the chute to oblivion. Marion, regarded as little more than a tie-in for a desired sale, went on toward greatness. But for several years he was still to be regarded as an ugly duckling ballplayer.

In the spring of 1936 Marty reported on orders to the joint Rochester (New York)-Columbus (Ohio) training camp at Bartow, Florida. Marty had always regarded himself as a third baseman, but he found eleven third sackers in camp and only two shortstops. So, with healthy opportunism, Marty identified himself as a shortstop candidate. And when the regular season opened "Slats," as Columbus Manager Burt Shotton called him, was assigned to play short for Huntington, West Virginia, of the Mid-Atlantic League.

His partner in double plays was Manager Bennie Borgmann, who had shifted from short to second. For the first half of the season Marty was far from impressive, and once when Borgmann left the club for a few days sports writer

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Carl "Duke" Ridgley wrote in the *Huntington Herald-Dispatch*:

"I wish Borgmann would hurry back and get this truck-horse off shortstop. Marion looks like a girl wearing her first pair of high-heeled slippers."

But the sports writer was to eat his words publicly as Marion's potential began to show. When Marty's first season in professional ball was nearing its close Ridgley wrote:

"If Marion isn't the best prospect in this league, I'd like to know who is."

During the off season the reports from the various Cardinal farm clubs were scrutinized in St. Louis, and Marty was boosted up the ladder to play shortstop for Rochester of the International League, just one grade below the majors.

Marty made good almost immediately in the field at Rochester. The greatness inherent in his skinny body was becoming plain. He never favored his heavily scarred leg. "I decided I was going to forget it," he said, "never let it bother me. I played as hard as I could and it was just as though I had never had an injury."

But he returned home to Atlanta at the end of that 1937 season to discover that in his home town he was still without honor as a ballplayer. Two years earlier he had been told by the Atlanta Crackers that he wasn't good enough to work out with them. Now one cool September night he went with his brother John to Ponce De Leon Park to see the Crackers meet Little Rock in a playoff game.

At the gate the brothers met Earl Mann, the president of the Atlanta club, who said, "Come on in, John, but your brother will have to pay. He's no ballplayer."

"You're wrong, Earl," John said. "He's playing for Roch-

ester, in a higher league than I'm in." Mann's mouth dropped slightly. He smiled an apology and escorted the two boys into the park.

Marion's shortstopping for Rochester improved steadily but in his first two years he batted an anemic .246 and .249 and Branch Rickey rated him below two or three other shortstops in the Cardinal farms. In 1939 Slat reported for spring training with the parent club which had a hole to fill at short after the departure of Leo Durocher. Ray Blades, then manager of the Cards, liked Marion, but Rickey turned thumbs down. Rickey favored Joe Orengo, and the latter started the playing season for St. Louis. Marty returned to Rochester.

That year Marty boosted his batting average to a respectable .272 and his fielding was top drawer. But during that 1939 season he sustained the injury which was to wrack him throughout several years of his brilliant major league career and ultimately to contribute to cutting it short. The Rochester team was in Baltimore for the opening series with the Orioles, and Marty was hitting flies to the outfield with a fungo bat when he felt "something snap in my back and hurt like all fury."

Doctors examined the young shortstop and told him it was a sacroiliac condition. They fitted him into a corset and Marty played 128 games at short in brilliant fashion. "But," he recalled, "there were times when I couldn't even touch my knees without feeling pain."

Despite Marty's outstanding performance at Rochester and Orengo's failure with the Cardinals, young Marion still had no assurance of a major league berth. His career thus far had been marked by several managerial boners, with the one at

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Chattanooga outstanding, and there was to be one more before he attained major league rank.

The Chicago Cubs also had a gaping hole at short and club president Phil Wrigley turned to the Cardinals, his hands filled with greenbacks. The two best-rated shortfielders in the Cardinals farms were Marion and Bob Sturgeon who had hit .297 for Columbus of the American Association.

Rickey said, "Let's sell them Marion and bring up Sturgeon." But Sam Breadon, the businessman in the organization, who usually supported his general manager's decisions, opposed him in this and urged peddling Sturgeon. The result of the conflict of judgments was a compromise: offer both boys to the Cubs on a pick-one basis.

The offer was communicated to the Cubs, and Wrigley assigned Scout Clarence "Pants" Rowland, who later was to become president of the Pacific Coast League, to shadow Marion and Sturgeon through the latter stages of the 1939 season and choose the more promising for purchase. Rowland's report favored Sturgeon and the deal was made for the Columbus shortstop.

But just as Echols had dropped out of sight in an earlier race with Marion, Sturgeon was easily outdistanced by Slat Marion. In the years to come Rickey blessed Rowland for this rare error in judgment as Sturgeon failed to give the Cubs the protection they sought and Marion became one of the greatest stars in baseball history. But little credit for this accrued to Rickey, the man many baseball writers call "The Brain."

When the 1940 season opened Rickey found a new favorite to play short for the Cardinals, Eddie Lake, up from Houston, Texas; but Manager Ray Blades and later Billy Southworth,

who succeeded him, fought for Marion, and he was given his chance in the big leagues. He justified it.

As a Cardinal he improved with each passing week, and by mid-summer there was no question that Marion was the regular shortstop. He hit well, too, finishing the season with a batting average of .278, better by six points than his high mark in the minors.

He was an adequate major league shortstop in his freshman year but in 1941 he began making large strides toward greatness. Umpire Bill Klem buttonholed him after one game and said in his hoarse whisper, "Boy, you're the most improved player I ever did see."

The greatest applause for the willowy shortstop came during the tag end of the season when he fractured the index finger of his right hand, his throwing hand. He didn't miss a single game of the twenty which followed; and, with the finger sticking out at an angle, he fielded and threw faultlessly.

The next year the Cardinals staged a sensational finish, winning all but nine of their last fifty-two games, to capture their first pennant in eight years. The inspirational leader of this drive was Marion. He fielded like a magician, batted .276, and led the league in doubles with 38. In the World Series the Cardinals upset the favored American League champions, the Yankees, four games to one.

Casey Stengel, who later was to manage the New York club, said after watching Marion in the Series, "He played a shortstop that most ballplayers can only dream about. He threw his arms and legs around out there like an octopus, and when he got tired he just stopped to rest and reached out after the ball."

THE UGLY DUCKLING

Although the origin of the name is in doubt, baseball fans began to call him "The Octopus."

Each year brought him new honors, greater acclaim. Tommy Holmes, an outfielder and later manager of the Boston Braves, called him "the most remarkable shortstop we moderns have ever seen."

In the 1943 season, when Marty attained his highest batting average—.280—his mother became very ill, and during September he slipped away from the team for twelve days to bring her from the Marion farm in South Carolina to Atlanta for medical treatment.

The doctors told him that death from the illness was certain and would come soon. Knowing this, plagued by fear and uncertainty, he returned to St. Louis to play in the World Series against the Yankees.

The New York sluggers took the Series in four straight games, but Marty led both clubs in hitting with .357 and fielded like a demon. Except for members of his team, no one knew why he haunted his hotel room in expectation of a dreaded telegram or why he was so tense off the field.

Mrs. Marion died in December.

In 1944 he won the National League's Most Valuable Player Award as he led the Cardinals to their third successive pennant and a World Series meeting with the St. Louis Browns. It was the first time that the award went to a player who was neither an outstanding slugger nor a pitcher.

Suffering from the flu and a temperature of 102, he left his bed to play in the World Series and sparked the Cardinals to a victory in six games.

There was universal acceptance of Marion's status as a great player, but he was also winning a reputation as a leader and

tactician. Increasingly Manager Billy Southworth and his successor, Eddie Dyer, sought his advice on tactics and the merits of players. The National League players voted him their representative in dealings with the club owners, and it was Marion who devised the players' pension plan, even down to the actuarial tables.

A succession of triumphs stretched ahead for the energetic stringbean who played shortstop as though he had invented it, but pain and injury soon began to encroach upon his career. In 1945 his back, which he had injured in his Rochester days, began to cause him trouble. Once he told a teammate, "The pain is almost unbearable when the sacroiliac goes out."

In the 1947 season he injured his left knee in a slide. He rested it over the winter, but in the spring came disaster. During practice in St. Petersburg, Florida, the knee collapsed as he was chasing a ball and he pitched forward on his face. He lay on the ground in great pain, unable to rise, and Trainer "Doc" Weaver and his teammates helped him to the dressing room.

Marty was thirty then, a veteran of eight years in the majors, and the whisper went out along the baseball trails that "Mr. Shortstop" was through.

But he rallied and it took one swing around the circuit in the regular playing season to convince all that despite his injuries he was the craftsman without a peer.

In Cincinnati, for instance, his playing was measured against that of the slick-fielding shortstop of the Reds, Eddie Miller. Marty was playing then with a corset for his back, an elastic brace for his left knee, and a thick strip of adhesive for a Charley horse in his right thigh, but he made Miller look like a novice by comparison.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

Every game was painful but still he played, flawlessly, unsparingly—for three seasons. He stepped down as a regular early in the 1951 season after surgery failed to restore his injured knee to effectiveness.

He started a new career in baseball, as a manager. He led the Cardinals for one year and then when owner Fred Saigh dropped his contract—an action attacked as unfair and unjustified throughout the baseball world—four other major league clubs offered him managerial positions. He signed with the St. Louis Browns.

He no longer plays now, except to demonstrate for a fledgling infielder, but imprinted in the minds of millions of fans are recollections of his amazing feats on the field. One day, it is predicted, he will join the other great stars in baseball's Hall of Fame.

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Mr. Boynick has long been interested in sports. He has written many magazine stories on the subject and was, himself, a track sprinter in his college days.

Champions by Setback is Mr. Boynick's first book.

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